

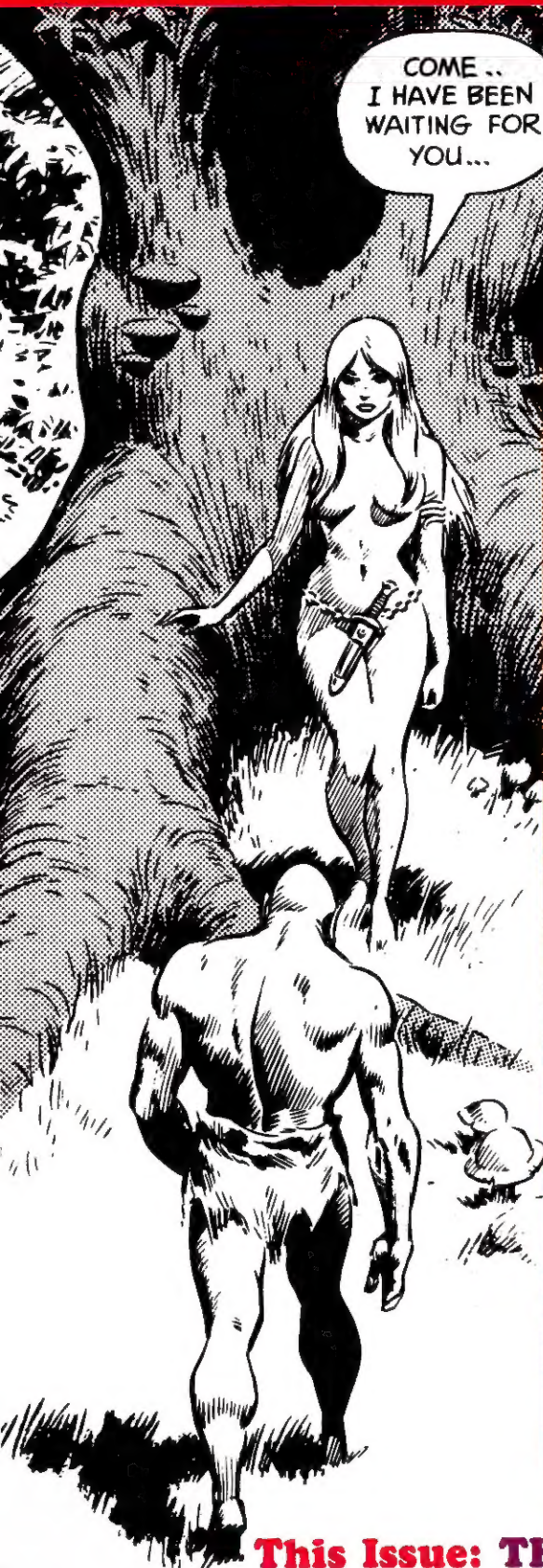
ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU



VAMPI
#9
JAN

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



We dare you to read this shocker:
THE BOY WHO LOVED TREES!



This Issue: THE CURSE...a Masterpiece by Wallace Wood

VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

ALL KNOW THE STORY OF ADAM AND EVE BUT FEW ARE AWARE THAT EVE WAS THE SECOND WOMAN ON EARTH. THE FIRST WAS THE TEMPTUOUS BEAUTY CALLED . . .

LILITH

DESPITE HER PHYSICAL PERFECTION LILITH SOON PROVED HERSELF TO BE A VAIN AND ARROGANT WOMAN WITH NO LOVE FOR HER COMPANION, ADAM.



SHE WAS CAST OUT OF EDEN AND EXILED TO THE NIGHT.

HER SAVAGE EXISTENCE CAUSED HER TO BECOME A PROWLER OF DARKNESS, LIVING OFF THE BLOOD OF INFANTS AND SMALL ANIMALS.



WHEN SHE SAW THAT EVE HAD REPLACED HER, SHE SWORE VENGEANCE ON ALL OF MANKIND.

IT IS SHE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR NIGHTMARES AND FOR THE ABDUCTIONS OF INNOCENTS WHO STAY IN THE STREETS AFTER SUNDOWN.



LILITH — THE FIRST VAMPIRE!

I HAD TO REALLY DIG IN THE FAMILY ALBUM TO UNCOVER THAT STORY ABOUT GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA. SHE CERTAINLY KNEW HOW TO GET THE BITE ON PEOPLE.





VAMPIRELLA

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: BILL PARENTE, NICOLA CUTI **COVER:** BORIS VALLEJO

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DON GLUT, CHARLES McNAUGHTON, JR., BARRY SMITH, WALLY WOOD WALLY WOOD

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: T. CASEY BRENNAN, CHRIS FELLNER, GARDNER FOX, DON GLUT
ALAC JUSTICE, CHARLES McNAUGHTON, JR., BARRY SMITH, WALLY WOOD



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"when are the PIN-UP'S coming around?"
"Stop treating us like children "
" give us more respect as young adults!"

I really loved issue No. 6. It was very exciting. The art was good too. But as far as that goes, all of your stories have been good. **VAMPI**, I have a favor to ask of you, if you can dig me. I'm a very lonely girl of sixteen and there aren't many kids where I live. So I know of nobody I can talk to about your groovy magazine. I would like pen pals from anywhere around my age to correspond with. Do you think you could help me?

DEBORAH SHAW
West Helena, Ark.



NOW, DEBBIE HOW COULD ANY GIRL OF SIXTEEN BE LONELY?



A scene from "The Black Witch" by Nicola Cuti illustrated by Billy Graham. 'Makes you feel like you're right there with them,' says Terry Hickman.

VAMPIRELLA into an issue. I'd like to see more of her, I would also like to see more of Amazonia.

She is almost as beautiful as you are. I've been reading **CREEPY** and **EERIE** for two years and neither one of them can hold a candle to **VAMPIRELLA**.

BRUCE NEWMAN
Zanesville, Ohio



THANK YOU, BRUCE, BUT AMAZONIA HAS BEEN GIVING ME QUITE A BIT OF TROUBLE LATELY. SHE'S BEEN HOLDING A SWORD ON ME THREATENING TO MAKE ME DRINK MY OWN BLOOD IF I OUTDO HER IN ANY ONE OF MY ISSUES.

When are the pin-ups coming around? I love your Amazonia stories. I must have read the yarn about twenty times. I'm no authority, but I think she looks better in the unbuttoned vest and Indian skirt (**EERIE** No. 27) than in the heavy triumphant suit. She is so foxy. Anyway, if you do have some pin-ups made, have a zillion of Amazonia. And have her host a new knights and armour mag. I know it's asking a lot, but WOW!

CRAIG HILL
Redwood City, Cal.



DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU APPRECIATE HER OVER ME? HOW DARE YOU, CRAIG I WEAR AN UNBUTTONED VEST TOO, Y'KNOW.

If You ask me, I think Billy Graham is the best artist you have. So keep him! He showed great talent in "The Black Witch!" Mostly where Millie Pride was begging to Zelda, the black witch. So tell him I think he's just fantastic!

ROBYN SHIELDS
Milan, Ill.



I CERTAINLY WILL TELL BILLY FOR YOU, ROBYN. AND I THINK HE'LL JUST LOVE YOU FOR THE COMPLIMENT.

When are we going to see how Billy Graham does a cover for your mag? I thought the art work in **The Black Witch** was out of sight. Billy makes the figures so life-like that you feel they are right beside you whenever you look at his art. And Billy, I will try to give you your answer to the question in **VAMPIRELLA** No. 7: "As long as you are at the drawing board and working on the next story, you will never rot. And Billy, the sun is STILL yellow." And may you, **VAMPIRELLA**, shine forever.

TERRY HICKMAN
Pacomoke, Md.



SORRY TO HAVE TO TELL YOU THIS, TERRY, BUT BILLY IS STILL TRYING TO UNSHACKLE HIMSELF FROM THE DRAWING BOARD DOWN IN THE DUNGEON. I'M KEEPING HIM DOWN THERE TO WORK UP A FEW MORE WAYS TO PUT MORE BLOOD, SWEAT AND TERROR INTO HIS WORK. BUT THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE COMPLIMENT ABOUT ME

Issue No. 8 was just marvelous. In "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos" you seemed to come closer to the "real" occult than any other mag I've ever read. **Demon In The Crypt** is my kind of comic. In that one, Amazonia fighting over the throne reminds me of a bunch of chicks I know fighting over a good looking guy in school.

Snake Eyes was another goodie in issue No. 8. It went very deep into Egyptian mythology.

Now, as I look over the last scene of "Demon In The Crypt", where Amazonia kills the demon, I'm suddenly shocked. I'm very sure that the rest of our "fiends" as soon as they look over this scene will agree with me in saying, "isn't this a little too much? Even Playboy doesn't anything like THAT in their magazine. Another good tale was "The Gulfer". The one thing I didn't like about

it was the last bit of wording. I'd hardly call Mindi a "David".

Ken Kelly made short work of that cover, don't you agree? I think he's the best cover artist of a mystery mag I've ever seen.

ANTHONY CLARK
Reidsville, N.C.

ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS, TONY: YOU'RE RIGHT, PROBABLY FIGHTING OVER YOU, YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN, NOT TOO MUCH AT ALL, NEITHER WOULD I, AND LASTLY, I AGREE THAT HE'S A GOOD ARTIST

You must be the most beautiful vampire on Drakulon or for that matter, here on Earth. I'm sure every vampire lover will follow **VAMPIRELLA**, issue after issue. You're GREAT! I'm hoping you'll publish my drawing of the beautiful **VAMPIRELLA** in your next issue. Thanks for the great literature and art work in all of your magazines.

BRUCE HOLROYD
Harrisburg, Penna.



THANK YOU, BRUCE. AND FOR BEING SUCH AN ARDENT FAN, WHY WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE, WHEN WE'VE DECIDED TO PUBLISH YOUR DRAWING IN THIS ISSUE. I CERTAINLY WISH MORE FANS WOULD SEND IN THEIR LETTERS AND DRAWINGS, BECAUSE WE'D LIKE TO PRINT THEM ALL.

I think that Jack Madeira from Ontario is wrong about the stories being soft. All of the stories I read in issue No. 8 were good. REAL GOOD. They were not soft.

RUSSELL JONES
San Jose, Cal.



WELL, RUSS, EVERY FAN IS INTITLED TO HIS OPINION. PERSONALLY, I FEEL SOME STORIES MUST HAVE CERTAIN QUALITIES WITHIN THEM TO RETAIN THE READER'S INTEREST BUT IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU FANS WRIT-

ING IN TO EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS, WE MIGHT NOT BE GIVING YOU WHAT YOU EXPECT IN HORROR MAGAZINES. KEEP LETTING US KNOW WHAT YOU FEEL.

How could you? How could you? It's traitorous and goes against all of your earlier principles. And worst of all it shows a definite decline in the quality of the stories of your magazines. I am bringing up a subject here and now which must be dealt with immediately! This deploring subject I speak of is the growing problem of happy endings in your stories. Jack Madeira noticed it and what did he get in return for his concern about it? A silly and totally evasive answer! And I thought it very naive of you, and very insulting. Don't you realize it could be any one of your readers you decide to treat that way the next time? Is this the respect you show for those who are keeping you from going bankrupt? Without your readers, where would you be? Don't you think we should be shown a little more respect? I do!

Many of your readers are in their teens and older, and do not appreciate being treated like children. So please correct this fault. Now, let me get back to my original complaint. Ever since the first horror movie, the heroes have beaten, burned, electrocuted, frozen, buried and crushed in some way, the evil thing known as the monster. I for one am sick of this! In fact, the reason I have stuck with **CREEPY**, **EERIE**, and now **VAMPIRELLA** is because of their lack of happy endings and the fact that the monster often beats the good guy.

But oh, oh, oh, what is monsterdom coming to when the world's greatest terror/horror magazines (guess who) turn SOFT!?! As I said before, Mr. Madeira noticed it and so have many others, I'm sure. These sissy stories are an

" 'Who Serves the Cause of Chaos' came closer to the 'REAL' occult than any other magazine!"

WHY A WITCH TRILOGY?



In **VAMPIRELLA** No. 7 on page 6, up at the top, you are pictured saying, "WHY A WITCH TRILOGY?" My friend and I have a bet going. He says the picture is drawn by Frank Frazetta. I say it's by Billy Graham. Who's right?

KURT JENSEN
Whittier, Cal.

YOU LOSE

a certain story "Do You Want To Be A Queen" by Steven Teal. May I be the first to expose him as the "plagiarizer" he is. I know for a fact, that the tale he submitted came from another certain (name withheld) comic book. I hope you will undoubtedly check my accusation, for you would never, never have printed the story if you had known. Being a comic book fanatic, I stumbled across the "misdeed" by chance. ((Would you believe dumb luck?)) Well, anyway, that's all I've got to say except that I enjoy your magazines all three of them) very much and I congratulate you on a job extremely well done.

MARK RAY
Springfield, Ill.



THANK YOU, MARK, FOR BEING ONE OF THE OBSERVANT AND FANATIC FANS OF HORROR MY REPLY TO HIS "MISDEED" WILL BE FEATURED ON THE VAMPI'S FLAMES PAGES OF THIS ISSUE, TITLED: "VAMPI'S VINDICATION".

insult to the taste of your readers, and a mockery of your once great selves.

Please stop printing those horrible (or should I say "nice") stories. Let the monsters once more rule the pages of your magazines. And please, no more childish answers to our letters.

TOM DETORO
Newburgh, N.Y.

of Steranko, Kirby and Ditko in your style). Anyway, Dick, keep drawing. I'm with you all the same.

VAMPI, (Ahem) did anyone ever tell you that you have lovely toenails? Until uncle **CREEPY** wears false teeth, I'm a 'monster' fan forever.

PETER HSU
Johannesburg,
South Africa

FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN'T FIND THE WORDS, PETER, YOU GIVE A PRETTY GOOD DESCRIPTION OF YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES. ESPECIALLY ABOUT MY TOENAILS. (P.S. I DIG YOUR SKETCH OF ME FEATURED IN VAMPI'S FLAMES OF THIS ISSUE.)

This concerns **VAMPIRELLA** No. 8 **VAMPI'S FLAMES** section. I'm writing this letter in response to

YOU THINK?

TELL US WHAT YOU THINK . . . WE ONLY THINK. Send your letters to:

SCARLET LETTERS
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

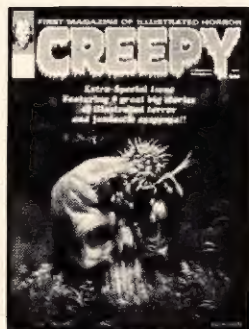
WELL, TOM IF YOU THINK OUR STORIES HAVE GONE SOFT, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET WAIT TIL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO HEROES WHEN THE MOSTERS GET A HOLD OF THEM IN MANY OF OUR FOURTH COMING ISSUES. ALSO, YOU CAN BE SURE MOST ANSWERS SEEN IN MY SCARLET LETTERS PAGES WON'T BE CHILDISH. BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE I INTEND DEALING A LITTLE MORE SERIOUSLY WITH QUESTIONS ASKED, ESPECIALLY WITH SERIOUS MINDED FANS LIKE YOURSELF, TOM. THANKS FOR BRINGING UP THAT POINT.

Your magazine is so great that I can't find the words to describe it, so I won't. But to really tell the truth, your recent mags are a real let down. (That goes for the other magazines too.)

The art in your last issue was terrible. I paged through **CREEPY**, **EERIE** and **VAMPIRELLA** hoping for a glimpse of the names Wally Wood, Neal Adams and Seve Ditko. Not there! Where the heck have they gone? Dick Discopo's art is not up to standard. He may have improved but it will be a long time before he reaches the class of Adams and the others. (Oh yeah, Dick, I still see too much

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AS THOUGH SMASHED BY A GIANT'S FIST, THE SHAMBLES THAT WAS ONCE A MOUNTAIN LODGE LAYS SMEARED ON THE COLORADO LANDSCAPE ANT-LIKE, THE MEN SCURRY THROUGH THE WRECKAGE, POKING, PROBING FOR SOME HINT, SOME REASON FOR THE DEVASTATION. EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN, WHO TURNS BLIND EYES TO THE SKY AND CURSES A GIRL HE DOES NOT KNOW, A GIRL HE HAS VOWED TO KILL ...

VAMPIRELLA



SHE WAS *HERE*, ADAM!
THE CREATURE WHO FED
ON MY BROTHER'S
BLOOD STALKED THIS
SPOT WHERE WE
NOW STAND!

MY EMANATIONS
COULDN'T BE
STRONGER! HER
AURA BURNS INTO MY
PSYCHIC VISION, MY
SECOND SIGHT,
LIKE A BRAND!

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JUDAS, SHERIFF! THAT VAN HELSING DUDE MAY COME IN WITH ALL KINDA DEGREES AN' CREDENTIALS, BUT HE SOUNDS LIKE A CRACKPOT TO ME!

MEBBE, BUT HIM AN' HIS SON ARE 'SPOSE TO BE EXPERTS AT INVESTIGATIN' PECULIAR AN' UNNATURAL SORTA THINGS...

WHATEVER HAPPENED HERE SURE SEEMS TO FALL IN THAT CATEGORY!

YOU REALLY BUY THAT, SHERIFF? INCLUDIN' THE MUMBO JUMBO 'BOUT THAT GIRL WHO'S REALLY A... A WHATCHAM'CALLIT... A VAMPIRE?

WELL, TULLY, THIS CONRAD VAN HELSING'S FAMILY IS ORIGINALLY FROM EUROPE. THEY KNOW 'BOUT THAT SORTA THING OVER THERE...

STILL... IT DON'T SEEM LIKELY ANYTHING EVIL LIKE THAT WOULD BOTHER FIXIN' EVEN A MAKE-SHIFT GRAVE LIKE SOMEONE DID FOR TYLER WESTRON.

SHERIFF! DR. VAN HELSING! I FOUND SOMETHIN' OVER HERE... A BOOK!

PAGES ARE ALL BURNED UP IN IT!...

BUT I THINK I CAN MAKE OUT THE TITLE... LESSEE... "THE CRIMSON... CHRON..."

THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES!
THE HANDBOOK OF THE COMPANIONS OF CHAOS...
HISTORY OF THE MAD GOD AND HIS SEVEN SERVANTS!

WHAT'S THAT MEAN, DOC?

IT MEANS A CULT I THOUGHT DEAD MAY LIVE! AND IF THE CREATURE ADAM AND I SEEK IS INVOLVED WITH IT, IT'S ALL THE MORE URGENT THAT SHE BE FOUND... AND **SLAIN!**



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SO VAMPIRELLA, WANDERER...NOT OF THIS EARTH, COMES TO A SMALL TOWN ON THE WESTERN PLAINS... COMES IN FULFILLMENT OF AN UNSPOKEN PLEDGE TO A DYING MAN, COMES SEEKING FORCES STRANGE AND NEBULOUS, DARKLY EVIL... AND HERE THOSE FORCES WAIT, AND LURK, AND PLOT...

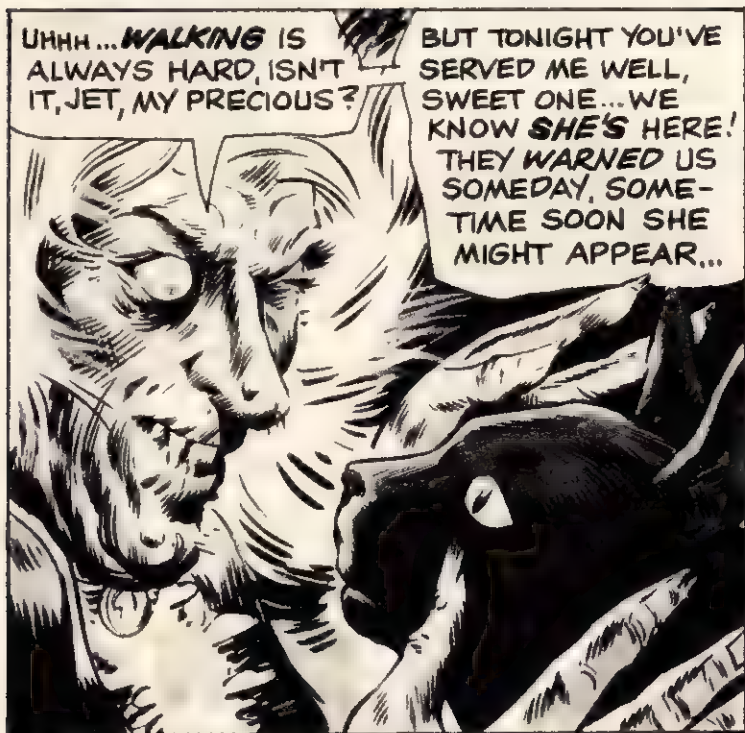
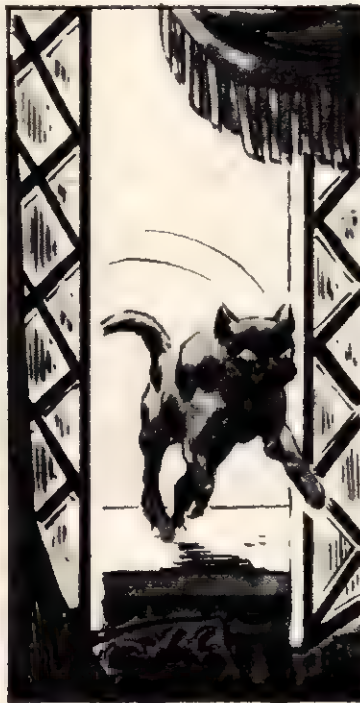
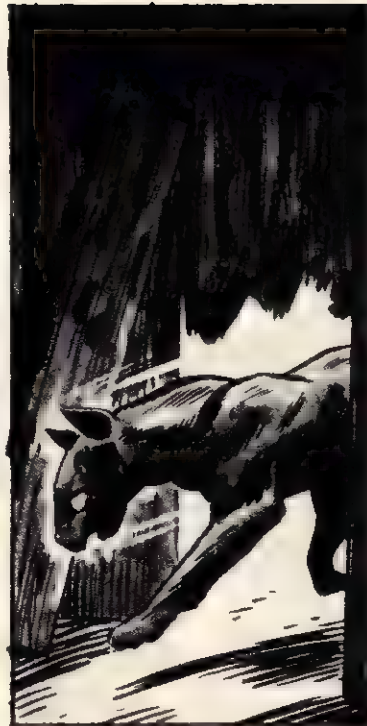
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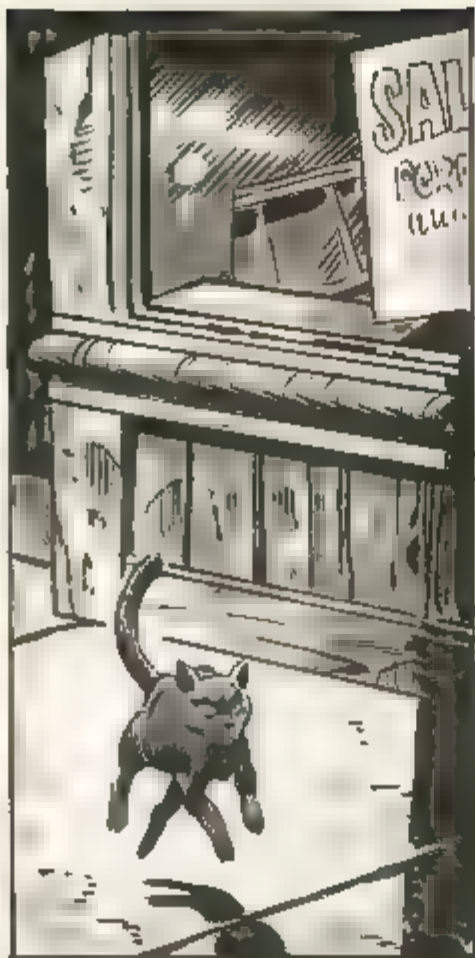
UHHH... **WALKING** IS ALWAYS HARD, ISN'T IT, JET, MY PRECIOUS?

BUT TONIGHT YOU'VE SERVED ME WELL, SWEET ONE... WE KNOW **SHE'S** HERE! THEY **WARNED** US SOMEDAY, SOMETIME SOON SHE MIGHT APPEAR...



NOW, OF ALL WHO SERVE THE **MASTER**, WE'VE THE HONOR OF **DEALING** WITH HER, JET! YES, PRECIOUS, WE'VE THE HONOR!

LENNY! LENNY, GET IN HERE... YOUR MOTHER NEEDS YOU!

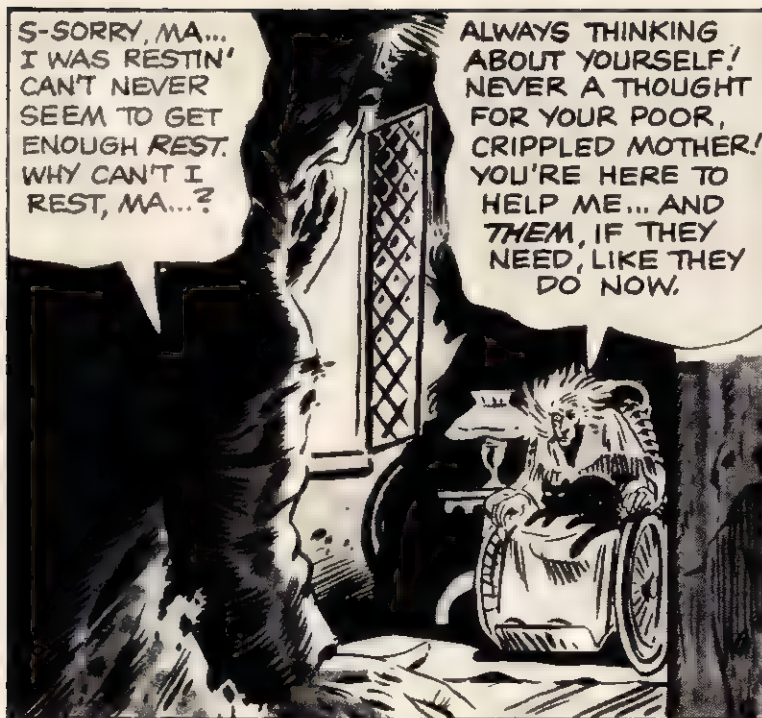


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S-SORRY, MA... I WAS RESTIN' CAN'T NEVER SEEM TO GET ENOUGH REST. WHY CAN'T I REST, MA...?

ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT YOURSELF! NEVER A THOUGHT FOR YOUR POOR, CRIPPLED MOTHER! YOU'RE HERE TO HELP ME... AND THEM, IF THEY NEED, LIKE THEY DO NOW.



THAT MEANS I GOTTA KILL SOMEBODY, DON'T IT, MA...? DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE TO MAKE ME KILL? CAN'T THEY...

YOU HUSH, LENNY! HOW CAN YOU QUESTION KNOWING ALL THE POWERS OF CHAOS HAVE DONE FOR US? WE WON'T BE FOUND WANTING AT PERFORMING A TASK FOR THEM!

THUNDER SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE. VAMPIRELLA PULLS UP THE COLLAR OF A "BORROWED" RAIN-COAT AGAINST A CHILL, RISING WIND. SHE HAS HAD A DAY TO REST, A DAY TO PLAN. NOW, IN THE GATHERING DUSK, SHE STANDS BEFORE THE GOAL THAT HAS LURED HER TO CHANEY, KANSAS...



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WHEN I FIRST CAME TO EARTH, IT'S LIBRARIES WERE INVALUABLE SOURCES FOR MASTERING THE LANGUAGES AND CUSTOMS, PERHAPS THIS ONE WILL PROVE INVALUABLE FOR FINDING WHAT I SEEK...



THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES...? THAT'S ON OUR CLOSED SHELF. NO ONE IS PERMITTED ACCESS TO THAT WITHOUT PERSONAL PERMISSION FROM MRS. JETHRYN!

AND IT'S MUCH TOO NEAR CLOSING TIME TO DISTURB HER. PERHAPS TOMORROW...



I WISH YOU'D TAKE CARE OF IT NOW, YOU DON'T REALLY MIND DOING THAT FOR ME, DO YOU?

I-I'LL BE... RIGHT... BACK...!



S-SORRY MA...
I WAS RESTIN'
CAN'T NEVER
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WHY CAN'T I
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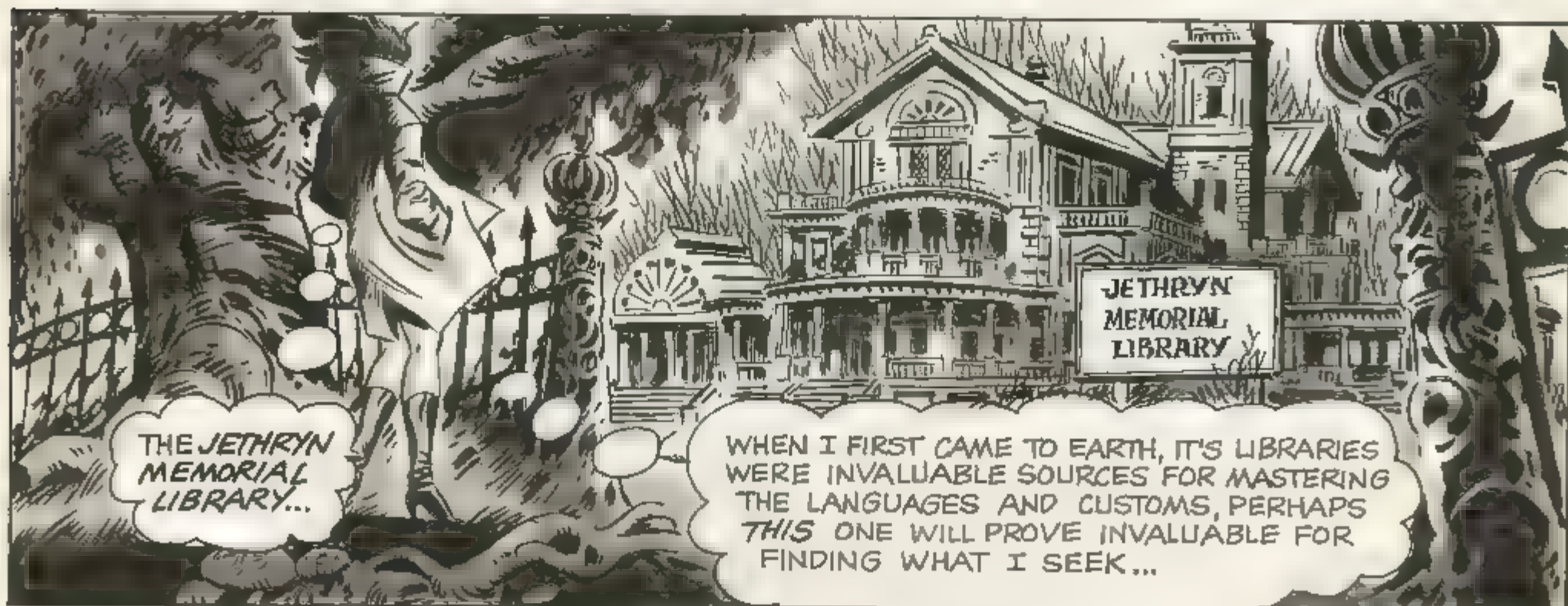
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NOW, YOU DON'T *REALLY* MIND
DOING THAT FOR ME, *DO YOU*?

I-I'LL BE...
RIGHT... BACK...!

A WEAKNESS TOUCHES VAMPIRELLA, A WEAKNESS THAT OFTEN FOLLOWS USE OF HER OTHER WORLDLY POWERS WHEN TOO MUCH TIME HAS ELAPSED WITHOUT... NOURISHMENT.



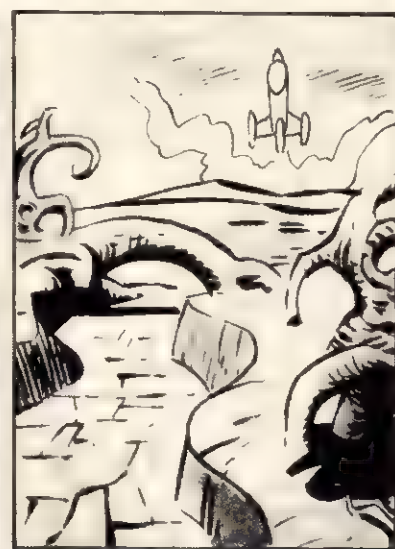
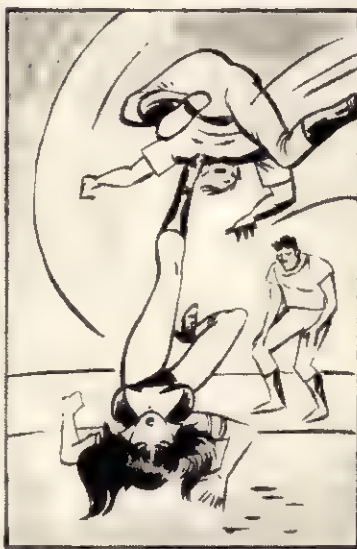
THE SERUM...! IT'S BEEN ALMOST 24 HOURS SINCE THE LAST DOSAGE...

VAMPIRELLA DRINKS OF THE THICK, SYNTHETIC LIQUID DEVISED BY DR. TYLER WESTRON, DEVISED TO BE TAKEN DAILY, DEVISED AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR... HUMAN BLOOD!



AND IN THE PLEASANT WAVE OF REPLENISHING STRENGTH, OF SLAKING THIRST, SHE THINKS OF ANOTHER WORLD, HER HOME... DOOMED, DISTANT DRAKULON!

DRAKULON... WHERE BLOOD ONCE COURSED AS DO WATERS OF THE EARTH. DRAKULON... WHERE INTELLIGENCE AND PHYSICAL PERFORMANCE ARE HONED TO THEIR HIGHEST DEGREE. DRAKULON... WHERE THE POWERS OF METAMORPHOSIS AND HYPNOTISM ARE A NATURAL BIRTHRIGHT. DRAKULON... WHERE TWIN SUNS SCORCHED AWAY LIFE-SUSTAINING STREAMS, DRIVING PERHAPS THE LAST SURVIVOR OF ITS RACE TO SEEK A NEW WORLD AND NEW BLOOD!



SO VAMPIRELLA CAME TO EARTH A HUNTRESS... UNTIL TYLER WESTRON SHOWED HER LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING. AND GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE HERS FROM THE DEAMON, NUBERUS SUMMONED BY CHAOS!



THE FORMULA FOR TYLER'S SERUM! IT WASN'T DESTROYED WITH THE REST OF THE LODGE WHEN NUBERUS STRUCK!

I WON'T BE FORCED TO PREY ON HUMANS TO SURVIVE... I CAN DO AS TYLER HOPED AND AID THEM AGAINST THE FORCES OF CHAOS!

AND SECRETLY, SILENTLY, IN A WORLD NOT READY TO ACCEPT HER AS SHE IS, VAMPIRELLA BEGAN TO SEEK OUT THE DARK FORCES THAT HAD WRESTED LIFE, AND ALMOST THE SOUL FROM TYLER WESTRON.



OH, NO, MISS! I WOULDN'T CARRY "THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES!" THERE MAY BE COPIES AROUND IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS AND SUCH, BUT BELIEVE ME... IT ISN'T A BOOK FOR SAVE MEN!

OR WOMEN!

A WEAKNESS TOUCHES VAMPIRELLA, A WEAKNESS THAT OFTEN FOLLOWS USE OF HER OTHER WORLDLY POWERS WHEN TOO MUCH TIME HAS ELAPSED WITHOUT.. NOURISHMENT.

THE SERUM...! IT'S BEEN ALMOST 24 HOURS SINCE THE LAST DOSAGE...



VAMPIRELLA DRINKS OF THE THICK, SYNTHETIC LIQUID DEVISED BY DR. TYLER WESTRON, DEVISED TO BE TAKEN DAILY, DEVISED AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR... HUMAN BLOOD!



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OR WOMEN!

BUT THIS WAS THE PAST. APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS DRIVE VAMPIRE-LLA'S MIND BACK TO THE PRESENT...

MRS. JETHRYN HAS GIVEN HER PERMISSION.



IF YOU'LL COME THIS WAY, PLEASE.



I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THIS OPPORTUNITY...MRS. JETHRYN ISN'T ALWAYS SO COOPERATIVE.



BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME HER, THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES" IS AN EXTREMELY RARE BOOK. THERE ARE ONLY A FEW KNOWN COPIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

FOR THAT REASON OF COURSE YOU CAN'T TAKE IT FROM THIS READING ROOM. PRESS THIS BUZZER ON THE WALL WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED.



...AND I'LL RETURN TO LET YOU OUT.



BUT THIS WAS THE PAST APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS DRIVE VAMPIRE-LLA'S MIND BACK TO THE PRESENT...

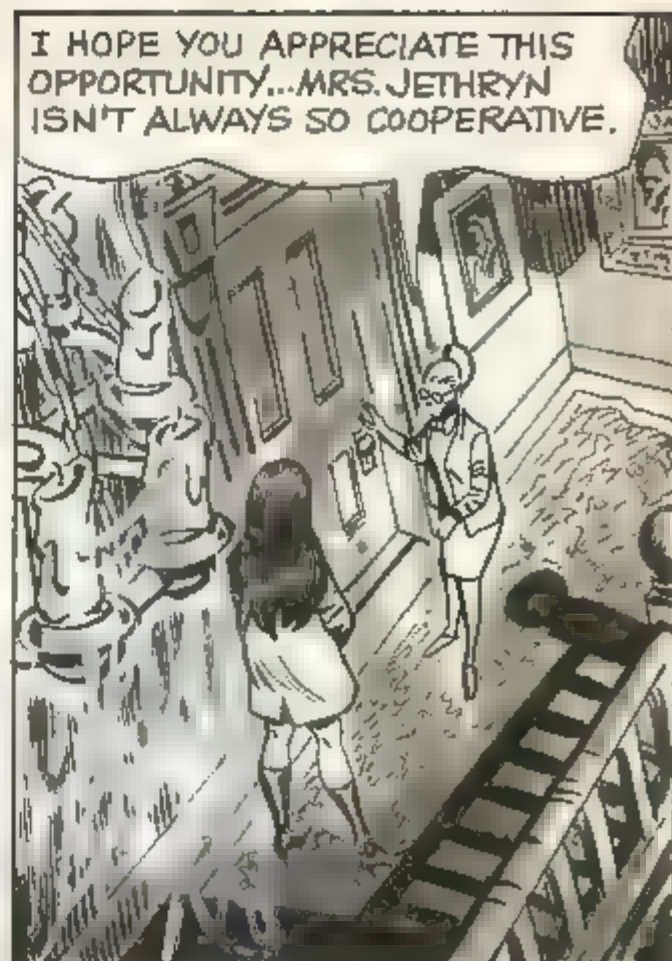
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CLICK!



SHE'S *PRETTY*, MA... AWFUL
PRETTY, BAD ENOUGH TO
HAVE TO KEEP *KILLIN'*,
BUT WHEN IT'S
SOMEONE SO
PRETTY...

LENNY, YOU FOOL, SHE'S
NO *ORDINARY* GIRL,
I KNOW THAT FROM
JET'S LITTLE PROWL
LAST NIGHT! SHE'S
DANGEROUS! TO US...
AND TO THE *CAUSE*!

GOING AROUND FROM PLACE
TO PLACE ASKING ABOUT
THE *BOOK*...! AN OBVIOUS
ATTEMPT TO *LEARN* ABOUT
THE CULT, TO TRICK MEMBERS
INTO *EXPOSING* THEMSELVES!

IT'S BEEN DECIDED
TO LET HER LEARN...
AND LET THE LESSON
BE *FATAL*!
YOU'RE TO SEE
THAT IT IS, LENNY...
AND YOU *WILL*!

YES, MA...

ELSPETH! YOU CAN LOCK UP
AND LEAVE. I'LL SEE THAT
THE YOUNG LADY IN THE
READING ROOM IS TAKEN
CARE OF...

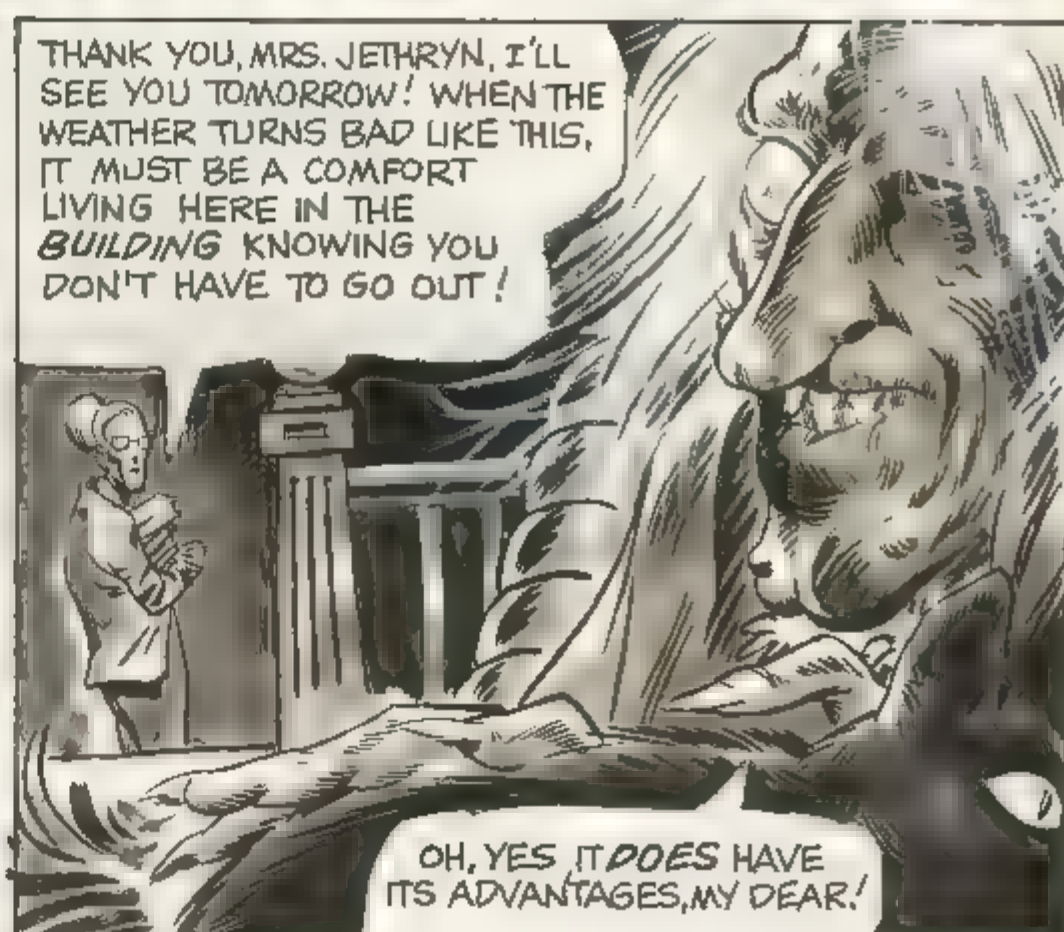
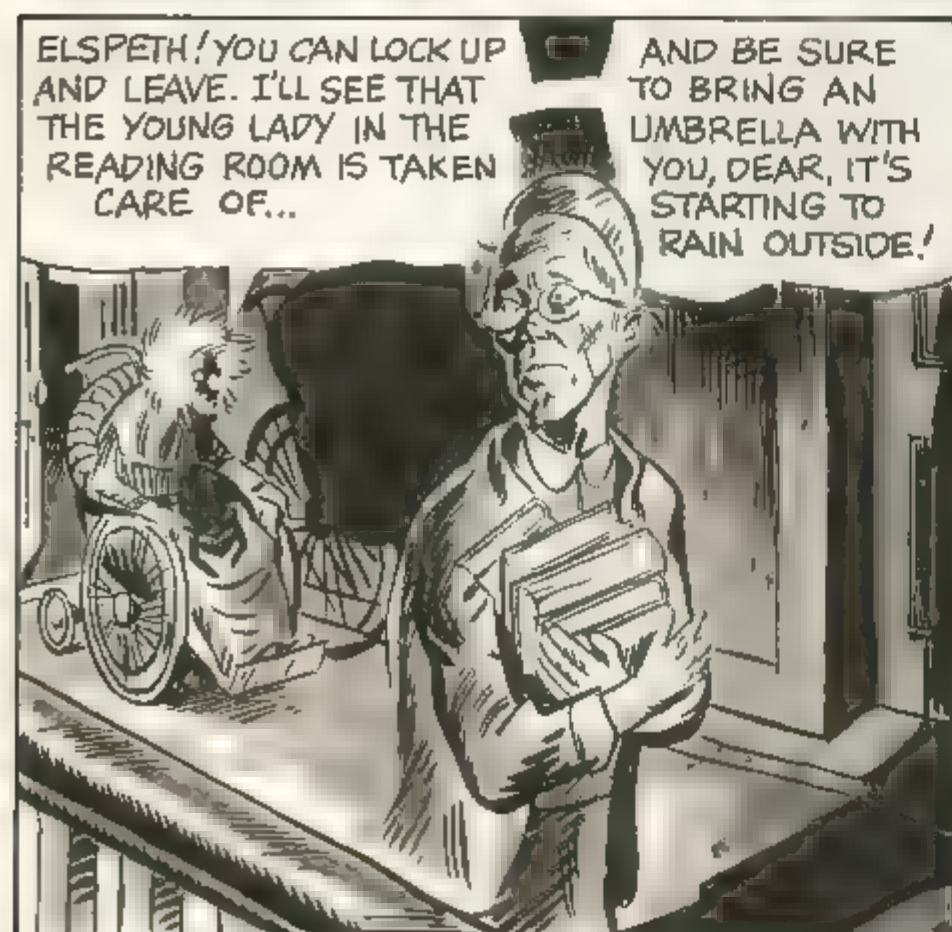
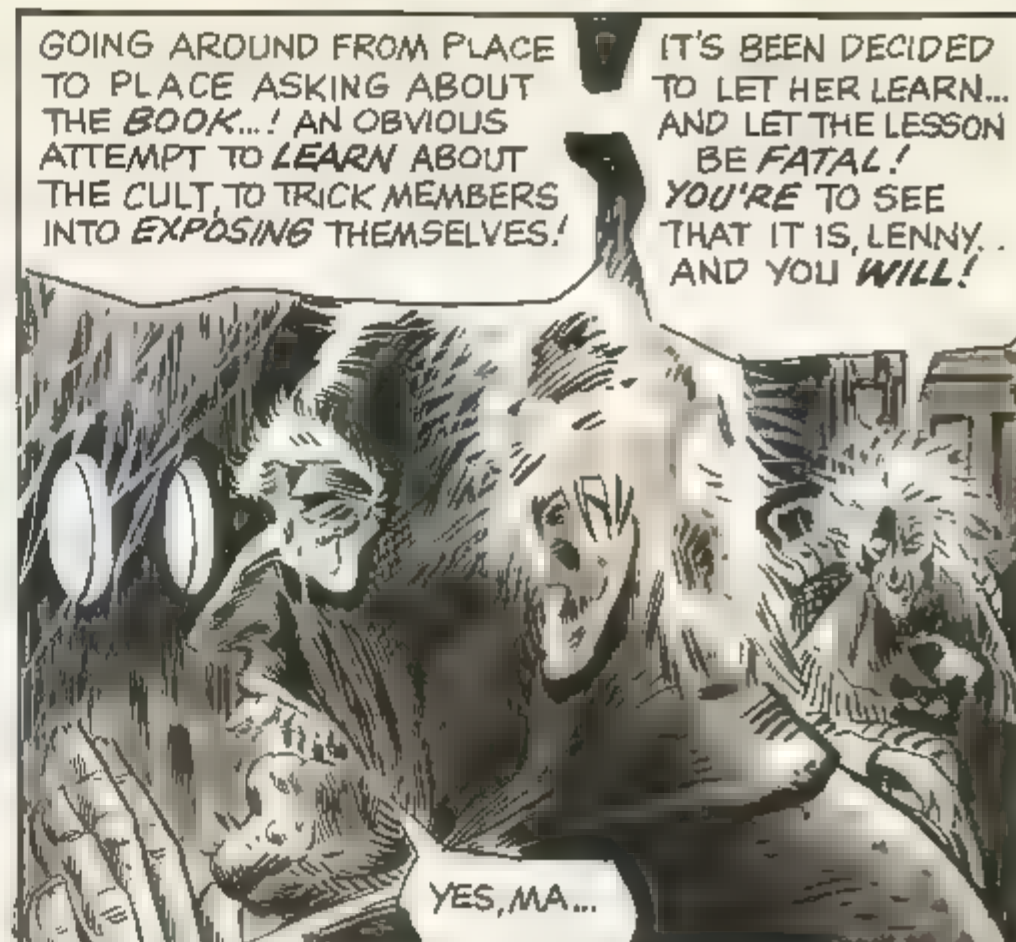
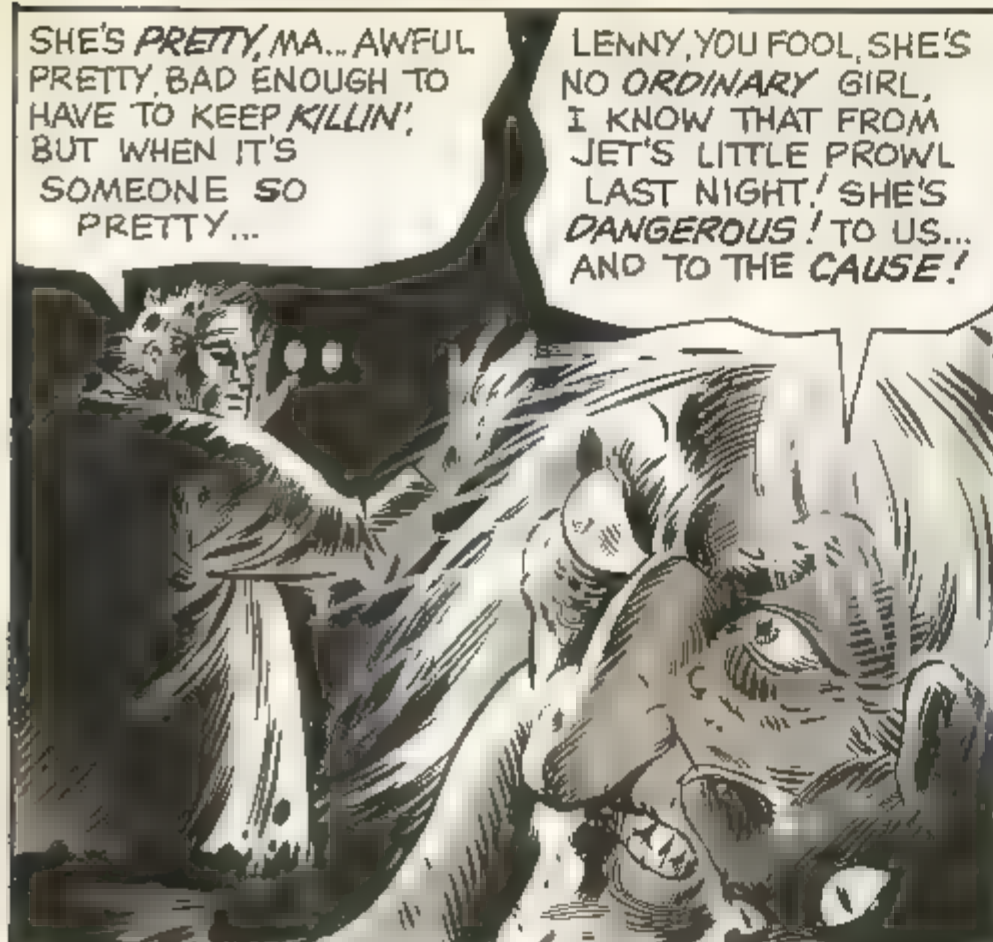
AND BE SURE
TO BRING AN
UMBRELLA WITH
YOU, DEAR, IT'S
STARTING TO
RAIN OUTSIDE!

THANK YOU, MRS. JETHRYN, I'LL
SEE YOU TOMORROW! WHEN THE
WEATHER TURNS BAD LIKE THIS,
IT MUST BE A COMFORT
LIVING HERE IN THE
BUILDING KNOWING YOU
DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT!

OH, YES, IT *DOES* HAVE
ITS ADVANTAGES, MY DEAR!

CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THIS BOOK SEEM
WELL THUMBED... THIS ONE ON WITCHES
AND FAMILIARS... THE OTHERS ON
SPELLS FOR RAISING THE...

THE
CRIMSON
CHRONICLES



DON'T FIGHT... WON'T DO
NO GOOD TO FIGHT...!
YOU CAN'T HURT ME...
JUST MAKES IT
TAKE LONGER!

OTHERS TRIED FIGHTIN'...
DIDN'T DO NO GOOD...!
JUST MAKES ME CAUSE
MORE PAIN THAN
I HAVE TO...!

BUT LIFE ON DRAKULON HAS LEFT VAMPIRELLA WITH STRENGTH
AND SKILL BEYOND MOST MEN OF EARTH... AND SPIRIT THAT
CAN NEVER PASSIVELY SUBMIT TO DEATH!



WHY DIDN'T YOU
LISTEN...? TOLD
YOU NOT TO FIGHT...
YOU CAN'T HURT
ME, DOES NO GOOD
TO TRY!



FELLA TRIED LAST
TIME...USED A GUN...!
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE,
NO WAY TO HURT ME...

...I'M DEAD! CULT MAGIC
BROUGHT ME BACK FROM
THE GRAVE FOR MA...
BUT I'M DEAD!



STILL VAMPIRELLA FIGHTS. SHE RAINS AN EXPLODING FRENZY OF BLOWS AND JABS ON THE HULKING
FIGURE BEFORE HER... AND SEES THEM FALL WITHOUT EFFECT ON COLD FLESH THAT CAN FEEL NO
PAIN, THAT CAN BE SLOWED BUT NEVER STOPPED... UNTIL THE ONLY ESCAPE IS FLIGHT!





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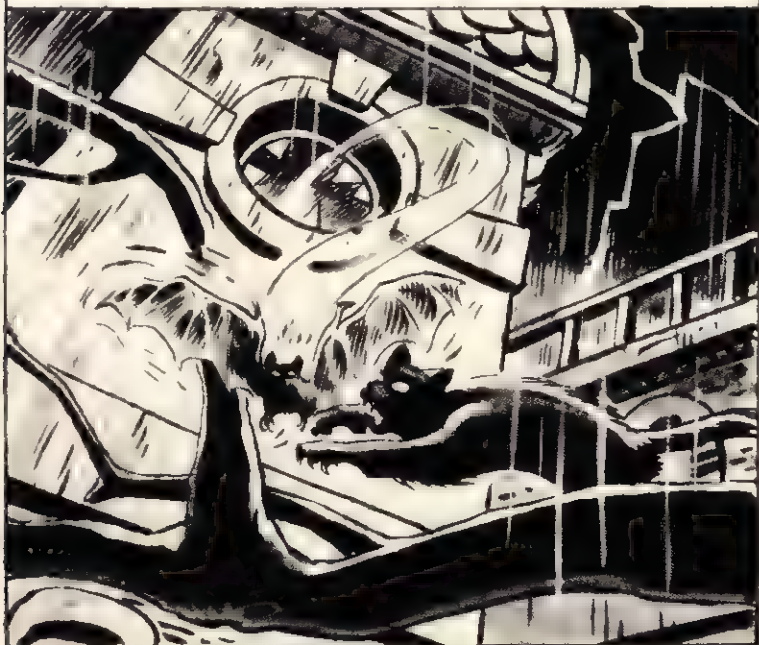


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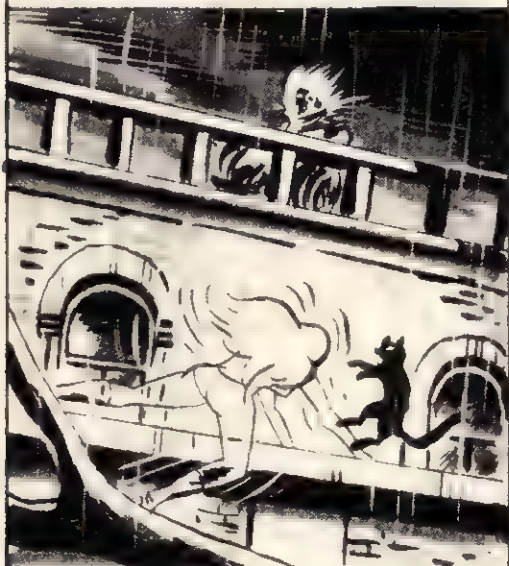
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WHITE-HOT LIGHTNING BURSTS PUNCTUATE AN UNEVEN COMBAT... AND ILLUMINATE THE SILENT UNMOVING FORM OF ITS AUTHORESS, PERCHED LIKE SOME MASTER PUPPETEER ABOVE THE CARNAGE!



BUT THE INTENSITY OF THE ATTACK ONLY MOUNTS! NEEDLE CLAWS DRIVES FOR VAMPIRELLA'S EYES, RAZOR TEETH SLASH AT HER THROAT...



YET THROUGH THE BLUR OF THIS ASSAULT, SHE GLIMPSES MRS. JETHRYN, PERCHED ABOVE STILL AND SERENE AS ONE ENTRANCED.



AND, AS WITH ALL HER STRENGTH SHE PUSHES BACK THE LASHING ANIMAL, ITS EYES AFIRE WITH RAGE AND MADNESS BEYOND FELINE FURY!

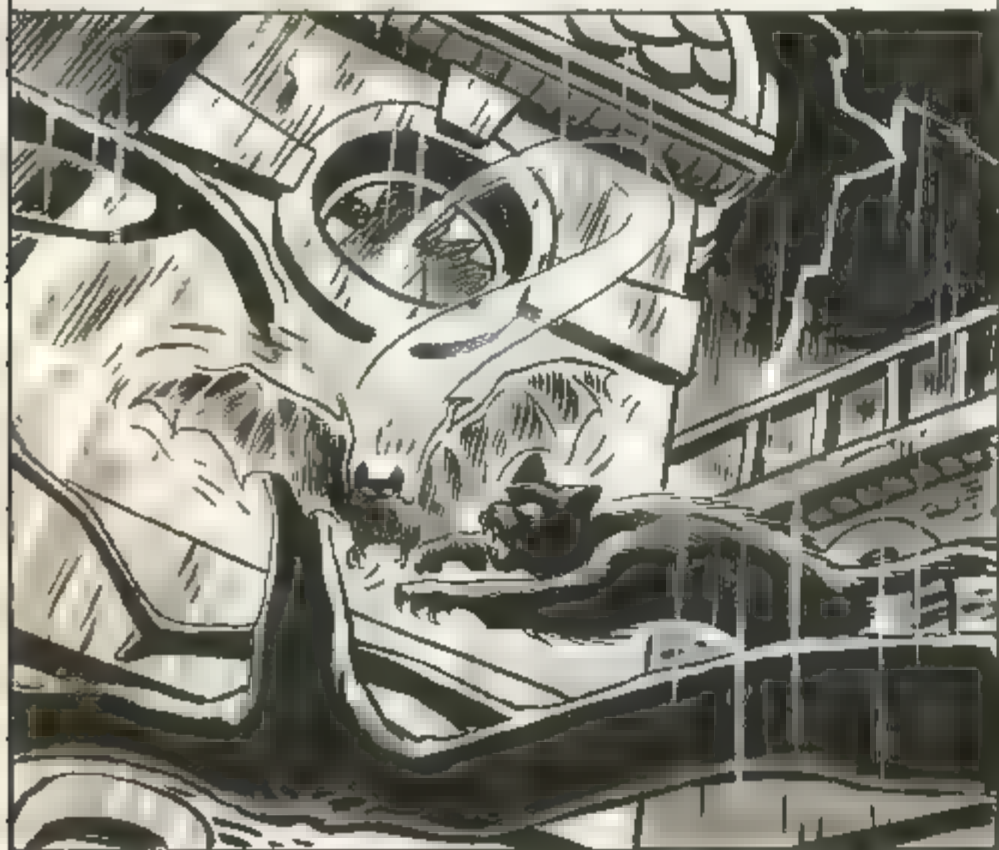


... SUDDENLY VAMPIRELLA KNOWS! AND KNOWING SHE BEGINS A CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF, TOWARD THE IMPERVIOUS, UNMOVING MRS. JETHRYN, DESPITE THE CLAWING, YOWLING THING ON HER BACK, NOW TRYING TO TEAR PAST HER!

THE BOOK!... THAT SECTION ON WITCHES AND THEIR FAMILIARS...!



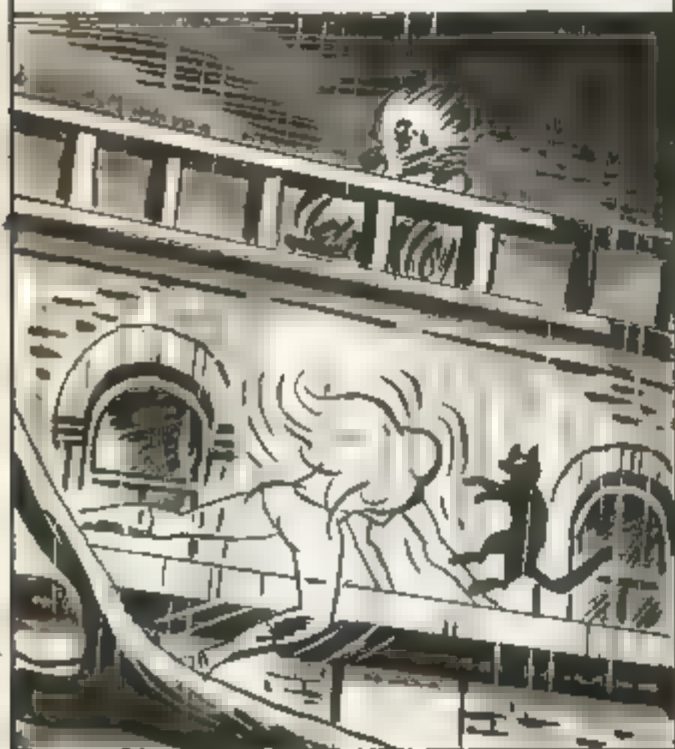
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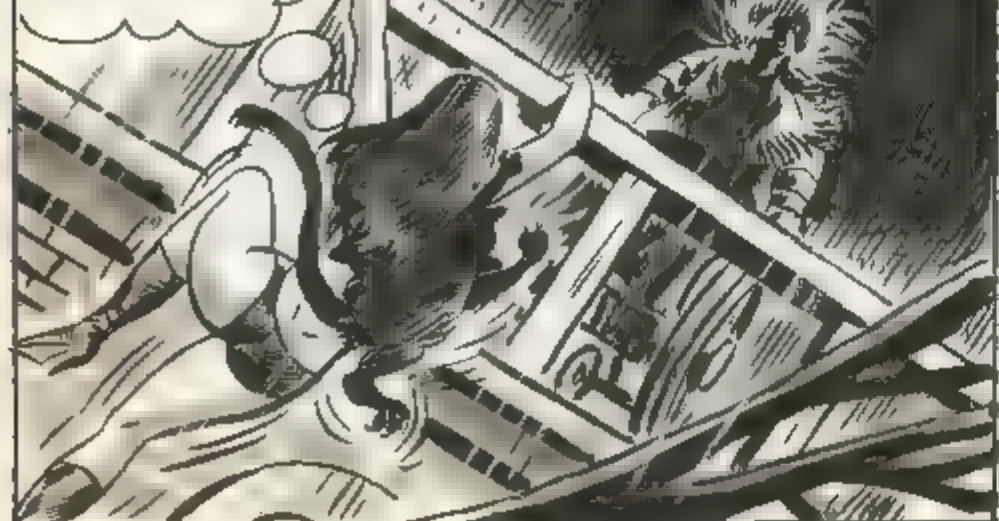


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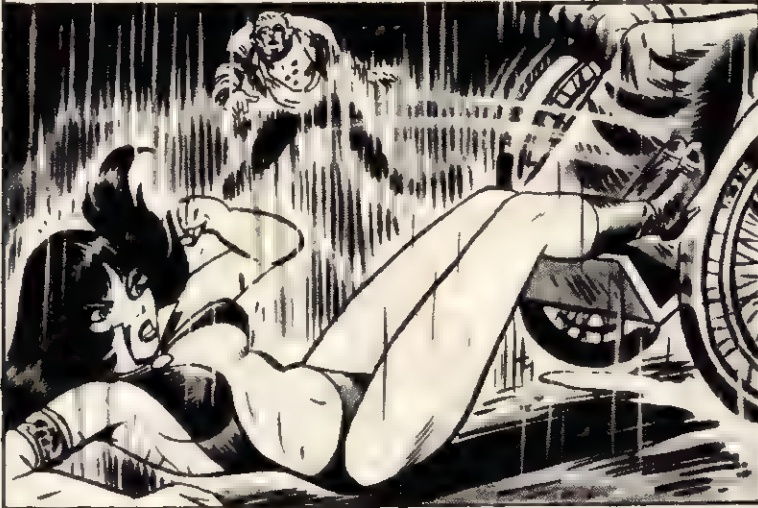
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MA!
MA!

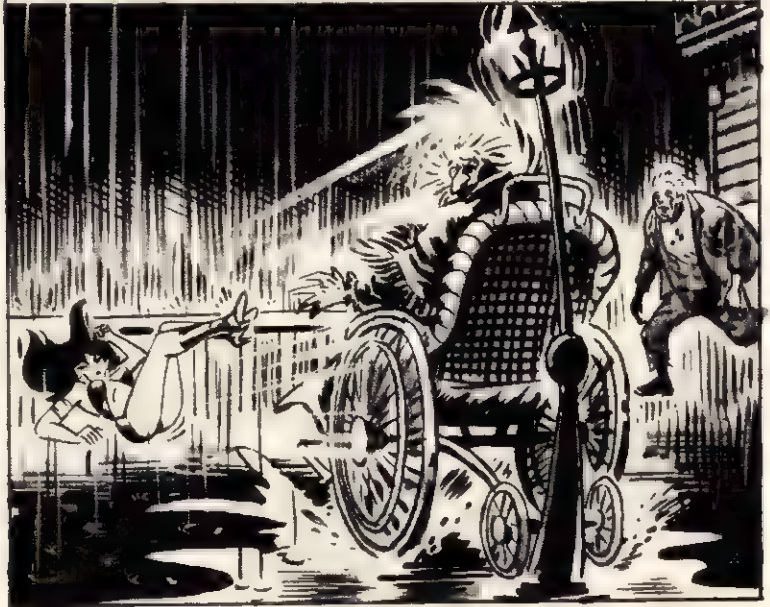


VAMPIRELLA HEARS THE SPRAY OF GRAVEL AS LENNY POUNDS ACROSS THE ROOF TOWARD HER, SHE FEELS HER OWN BLOOD OOZING WET AND STICKY ON HER CLAWED, LACERATED BACK, SHE SEES HER GOAL DANCING THROUGH A HAZE OF PAIN BEFORE HER...

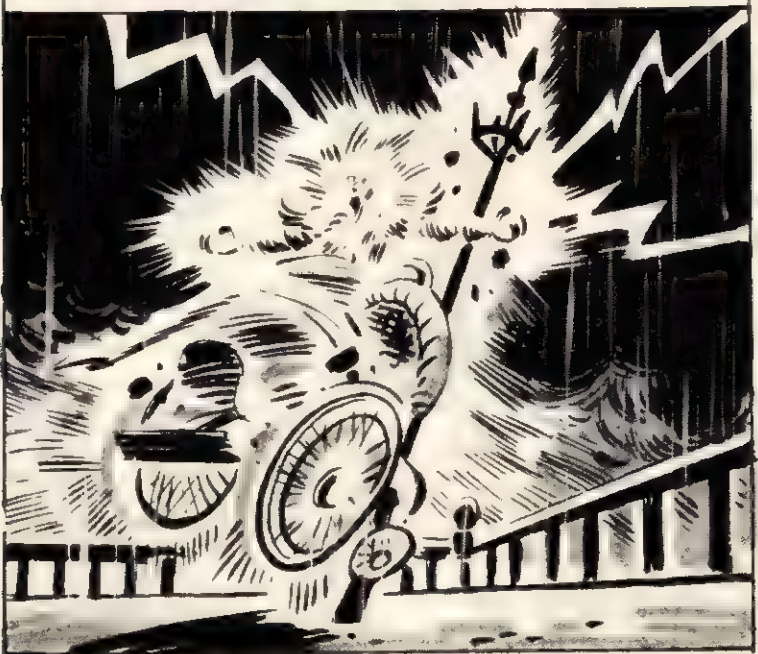


AND WITH ONE DESPERATE, DRIVING SHOVE...

...SENDS THE WHEEL CHAIR OF MRS. JETHRYN CAREENING ACROSS THE ROOF TO SLAM TO A HALT AGAINST A TALL, SPIRE THRUSTING HEAVENWARD...



...A LIGHTNING ROD!



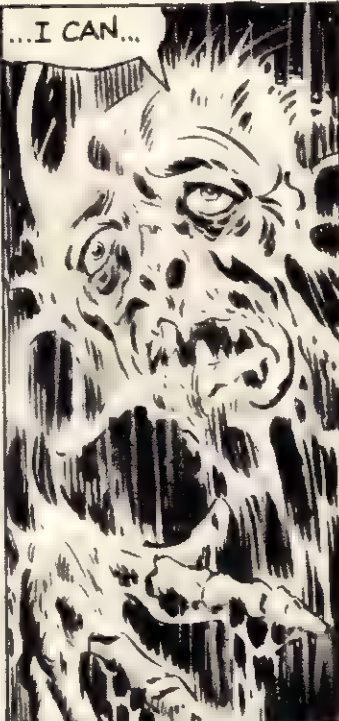
SHE'S...G-GONE!
IT'S OVER...



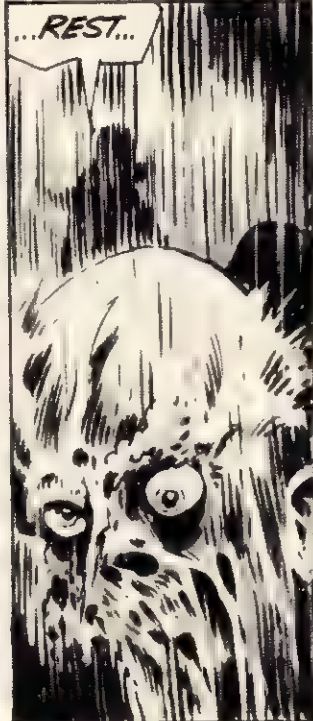
FINALLY...



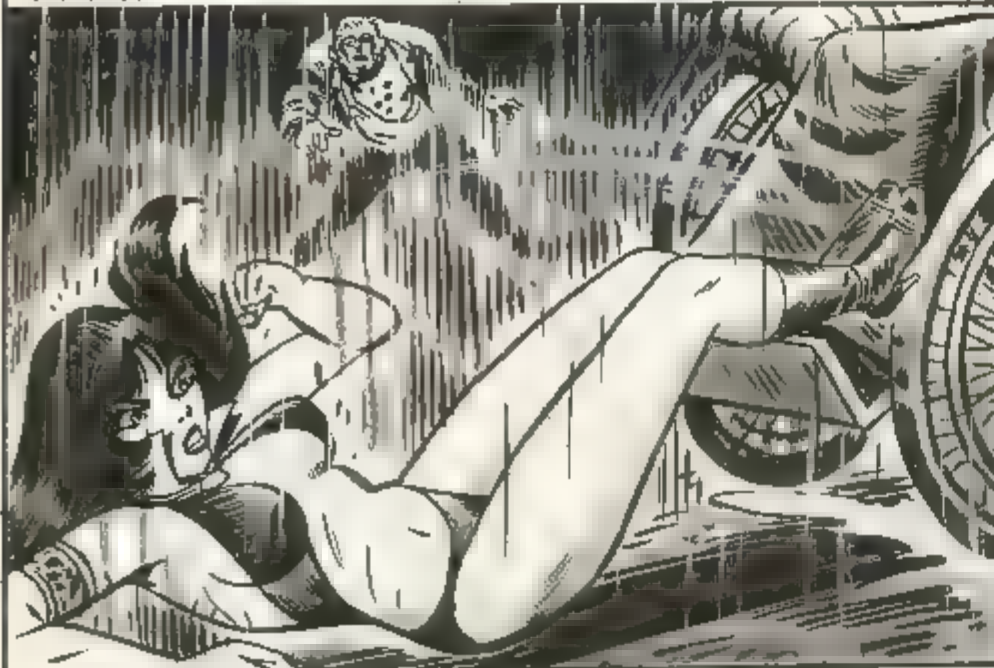
...I CAN...



...REST...

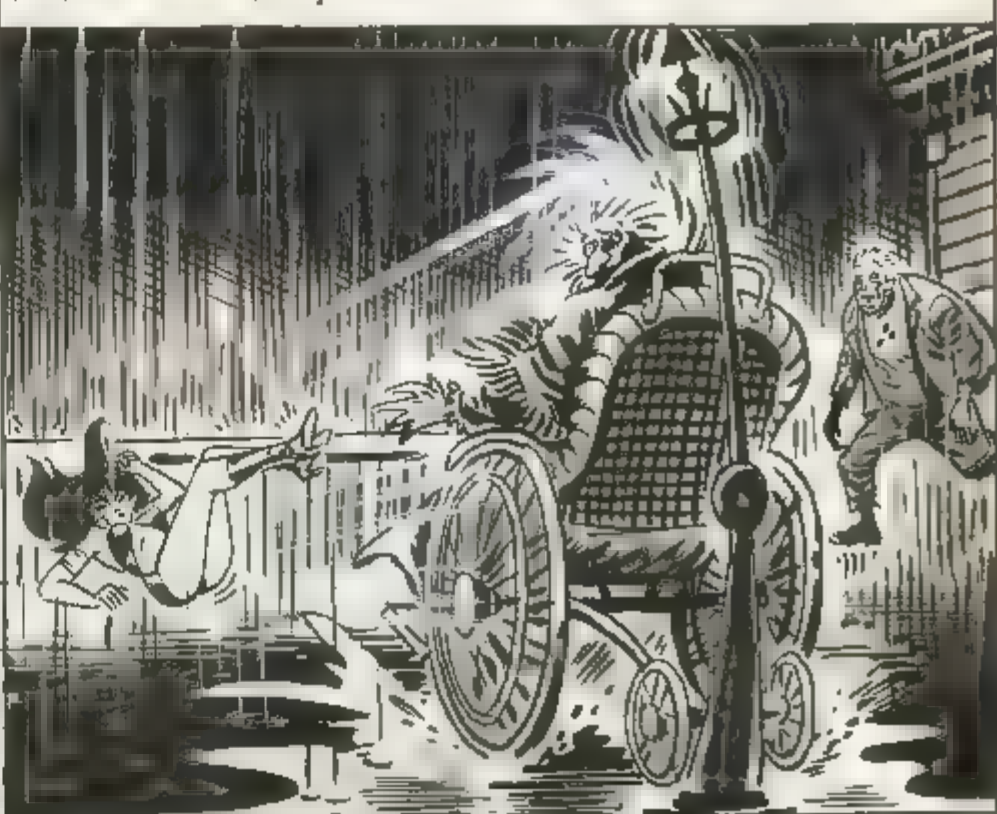


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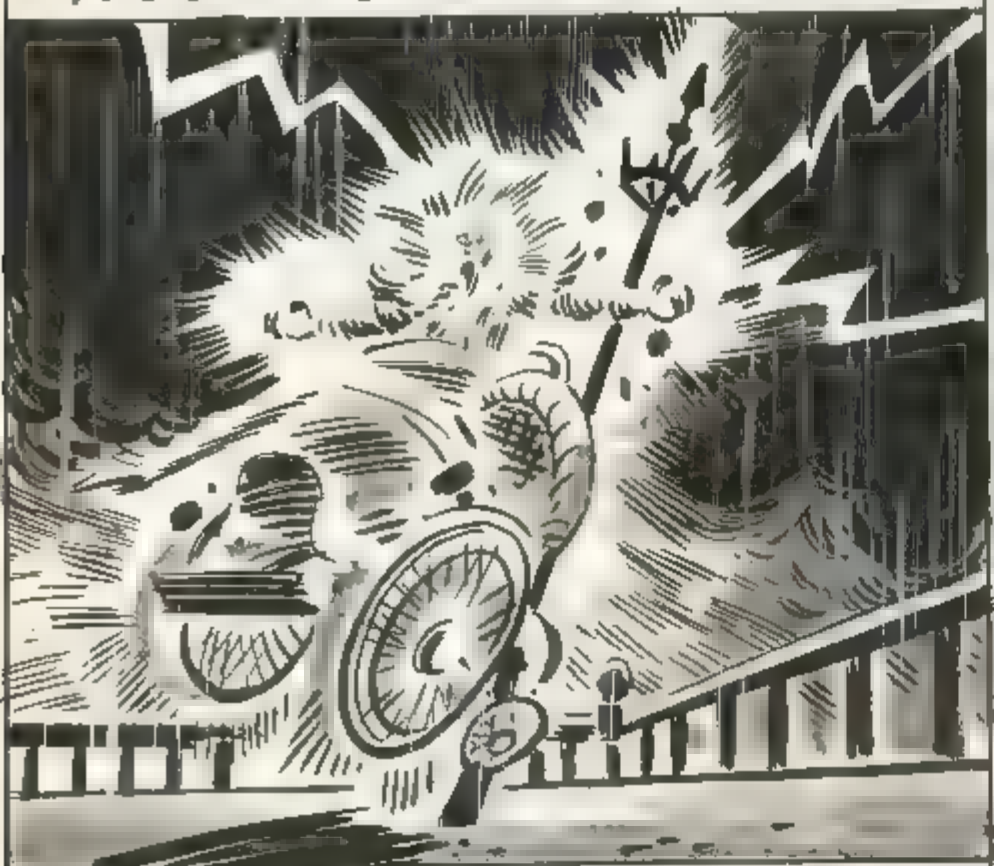


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SHE'S...G-GONE!
IT'S OVER...



FINALLY...



... I CAN...



...REST...



NOW A TERRIBLE CRY, BURSTING FROM A FELINE THROAT, BUT SOUNDING PITIFUL SIMILAR TO THE WAILING OF A LOST FRIGHTENED CHILD, RISES ABOVE THE STORM...

YOU COULDN'T RESIST, COULD YOU?
BOUND TO THAT WHEEL CHAIR, YOU
COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE
THE POWERS OF CHAOS GAVE
YOU TO WANDER...

ONLY TONIGHT YOU DIDN'T MAKE IT
BACK TO THE BODY YOU'D ABAND-
ONED IN TIME!



MET, THE CAT, THE FAMILIAR, FLEES WILDLY FROM THE RAIN SWEEPED ROOF.. AND THE LIVING SPIRIT OF MRS. JETHRYN, NOW TRAPPED FOREVER WITHIN THE ANIMAL, CONTINUES TO HOWL!

EPILOGUE: THE STORM HAS PASSED. ONCE MORE VAMPIRELLA MOVES FORTH INTO THE NIGHT, THIS TIME SHE IS ARMED WITH THE HANDBOOK, THE STORE OF SECRET KNOWLEDGE, OF THE DARK FORCES SHE HAS CHOSEN TO OPPOSE...

THE TESTING IS OVER. MET WITH THE OPPOSITION OF CHAOS. SHE HAS FACED THEM. > WON, THEY HAVE NOW PROBED HER STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES. SO VAMPIRELLA GOES FORTH, THE TESTING OVER, KNOWING THE BATTLE BUT BEGINS.



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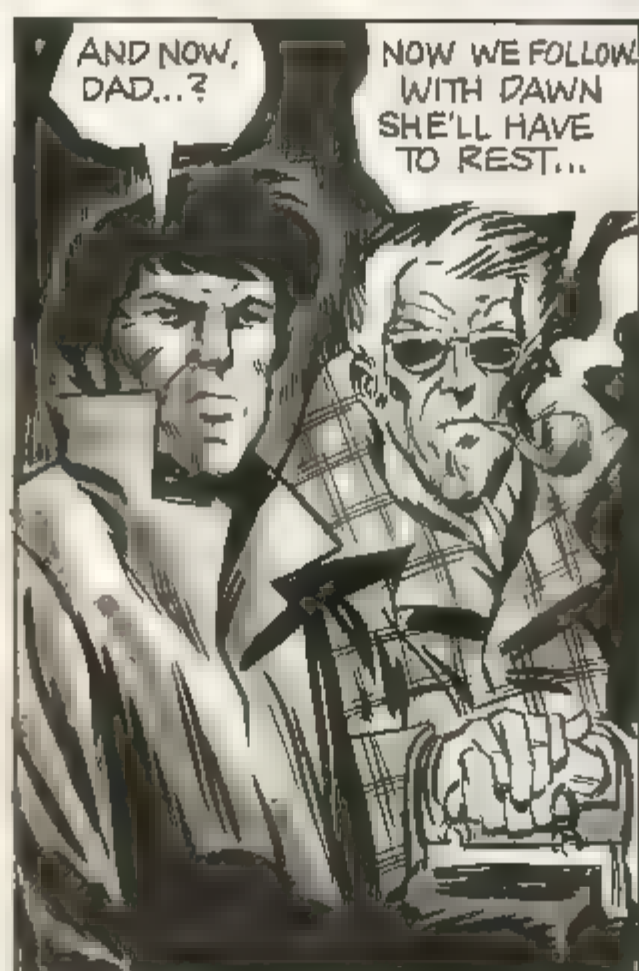


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WELL, ADAM...

IT WAS HER.



AND NOW, DAD...?

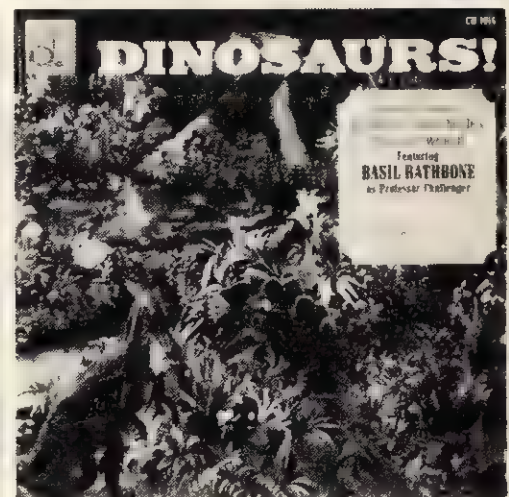
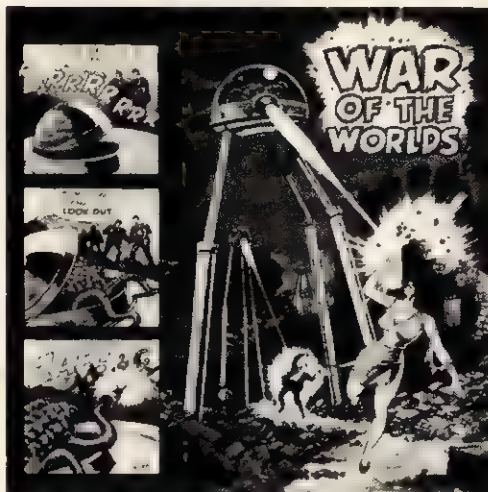
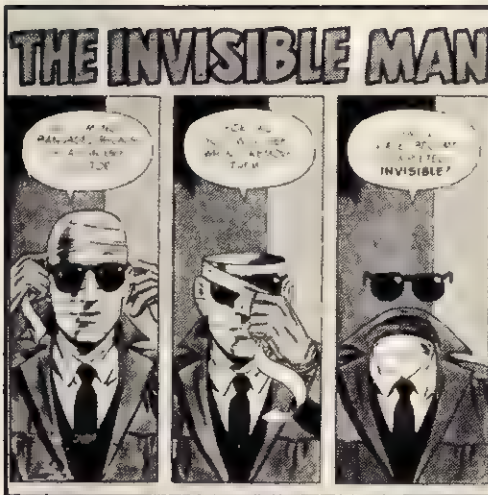
NOW WE FOLLOW WITH DAWN SHE'LL HAVE TO REST...



... AND WE CAN STRIKE!

GONRAD VAN HELSING, HIS SON ADAM MEN DEDICATED TO A MISSION OF VENGEANCE, MOVING TOWARD A MOMENT OF CONFRONTATION. A MOMENT THAT WILL COME WHEN NEXT WE MEET VAMPIRELLA!

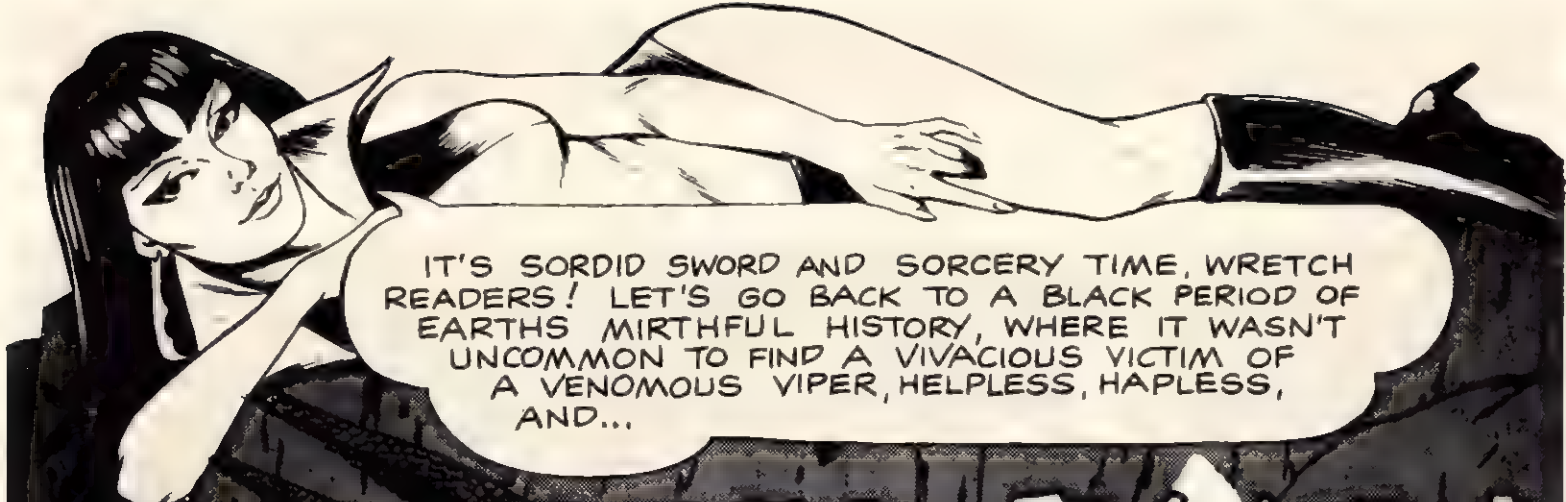
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA; \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS; \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | <input type="checkbox"/> KING KONG; \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> OFFICIAL ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN; \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | NAME | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE INVISIBLE MAN; \$1.98 plus 25¢ postage & handling. | ADDRESS | |
| | CITY STATE ZIP | |



IT'S SORDID SWORD AND SORCERY TIME, WRETCH READERS! LET'S GO BACK TO A BLACK PERIOD OF EARTH'S MIRTHFUL HISTORY, WHERE IT WASN'T UNCOMMON TO FIND A VIVACIOUS VICTIM OF A VENOMOUS VIPER, HELPLESS, HAPLESS, AND...

MONSTER BAIT!



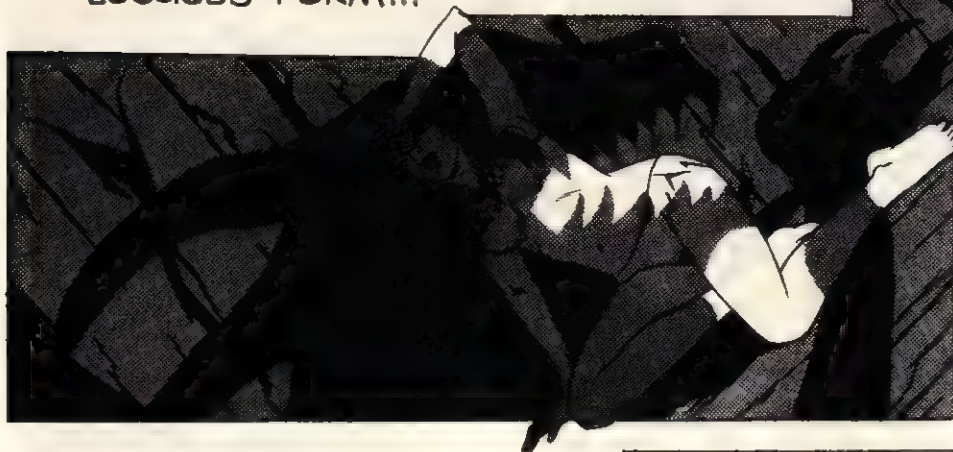
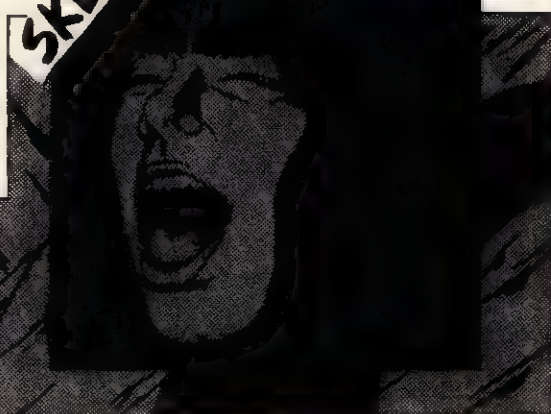
NIGHT HAD ALREADY INKED OUT THE BLUENESS OF THE DAY... AND WITH THE CHILLING DARKNESS CAME THE ONLY LIGHT, BLAZING FROM THE EYES OF THE DRAGON ...THE ONLY HEAT STEAMING FROM ITS FETID BREATH!

WEHRLE

AGAIN, AND AGAIN SHE SCREAMS, HER VOCAL CORDS CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN! AND IN HER HEART IS THE HOPE THAT HER CRIES WILL SOMEHOW RISE ABOVE THE EARTH-SHAKING BELLOWS OF THE MONSTER...



AND THEN THE TERRIBLE MONOLITH ASSURES HER THAT ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE! HER BACK FLUSH AGAINST THE COLD ROCK, SHE GAZES UP INTO THE OBSCENE, REPTILIAN HEAD OF THE CREATURE THAT DIPS CURIOUSLY AND HUNGRILY TOWARD HER LUSCIOUS FORM...




THEN, AS THE SALIVATING JAWS OF THE DRAGON COME NAUSEATINGLY NEARER, SHE DESPERATELY GIVES OUT WHAT MIGHT BE A FINAL SCREAM...

THEN, CAPTIVATED BY A HAUNTING SOUND FROM ABOVE, THE GREAT LIZARD-LIKE HEAD SNAPS AWAY FROM ITS DELICATE MORSEL...

STARTLED, THE AWESOME MONSTROSITY GAPES TOWARDS THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND WITH ALMOST HUMAN CONTEMPT...





THE ARROGANT HUMAN
IS POWERFUL, YET
PUNY BY COMPARISON
WITH HIS TITANIC
ADVERSARY...

HOLD, MONSTER!
LET YOUR FANGS
TASTE A MORE
WORTHY MEAT!


THE BLADE OF
DOGAULT, THE
VIKING WARRIOR!

LIKE A MADDENED BEAST,
THE YOUTHFUL DOGAULT
HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH
THE AIR, HIS SOUL
SCREAMING FOR THE
SHEDDING OF BLOOD...



SO, YOU SEEK
TO DEPRIVE ME
OF VICTORY!

GROW



BUT EVEN THE SUPER
REFLEXES OF THE
VIKING CANNOT EVADE
THE MONSTER'S LUNGE...

HIS BEING STRAINING, DOGAULT STRUGGLES TO HIS WOBBLING FEET...

THE HEAVY SWORD IN HIS ROCK-HARD HAND SEEMS TO VIBRATE WITH THE ENERGY OF HIS OWN BODY, THRILLING HIS BLOOD WITH ANTICIPATION FOR THE KILL...

I MUST GO ON! THE MONSTER MUST NOT SLAY THE GIRL!

THE BEAST IS SWIFT! BUT SO IS DOGAULT! AND I MUST WAIT FOR THE EXACT MOMENT TO...

TO...

SANAPPP!

WITH SPEED VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR SUCH A GARGANTUAN MONSTER, THE SLIMEY JAWS LOCK WITH TERRIBLE PROXIMITY...

... STRIKE!
THE BRAIN, THE ONLY VULNERABLE SPOT!



FOR THE
GIRL! AND AGAIN
FOR DOGAULT!



BREATHE YOUR
FINAL BREATH, HATEFUL
ONE! DOGAULT IS
THE VICTOR!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLOODY
BLADE STRIKES TRUE, INFLECTING
THE PAIN THAT CAN EVEN FELL
A DRAGON...



YOU SHALL
MENACE NO ONE
EVER AGAIN!

THE DRAGON BELCHES A FINAL, STEAMING HISS, THEN FALLS
A LIFELESS HEAP...



I AM DOGAULT
A VIKING! BUT I
CAN SEE THAT MY
LANGUAGE IS NOT
THE SAME AS
YOURS!

HE SPEAKS,
BUT
RECEIVES...



...ONLY
SENSELESS
BABBLE
FOR AN
ANSWER...

YOU WANT ME
TO RETURN HOME
TO YOUR PEOPLE WITH
YOU! GOOD! THIS VIKING
WILL NOT TURN DOWN
SUCH AN INVITING
INVITATION!



GRATEFULLY THE DARK
BEAUTY DRAPES HER
ARMS ABOUT THE
WARRIOR'S MIGHTY FRAME,
HER DELICATE BODY
PLEASANT AGAINST HIS
OWN RUGGEDNESS...

MOUNTED UPON THE VIKINGS
HORSE DOGAULT AND HIS
BEAUTEOUS PRIZE RIDE ON...
FOLLOWING HER DIRECTIONS, HE
SEES THE OMINOUS STRUCTURE
THAT SREAMS FOREBODING...

WITH EVERY NEARING
HOOFBEAT, THE GRIM
CASTLE SEEMS TO
ENLARGE, THE CREAKING
GATES OPENING AS IF TO
SWALLOW THE FOREIGN
VISITOR...

NOT WHILE A PRIZE AWAITS
ME! A PRIZE THAT MIGHT
INCLUDE A KINGDOM,
A **TREASURE**
SPILLING WITH JEWELS
AND GOLD, AND THE
HAND OF A
BEAUTIFUL
MAIDEN!

YOUR HOME
IS NOT
EXCEEDING
PLEASANCE!
AND YET, A
CASTLE
HOME HINTS
AT MUCH
REWARDS
FOR ONE
WHO HAS
RESCUED
YOU FROM
SO VILE A
MONSTER!

A STRANGE
PRESENCE
SEEMS TO
PERMEATE
THE AREA!

BUT NAY!
I SHALL NOT
TURN AND
FLEE FROM
SHADOWS LIKE
A FRIGHTENED
CHILD!

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CASTLE SEEM TO EMERGE FROM THE VERY
SHADOWS! AND AS THE VIKING AND THE GIRL APPROACH THE GATHER-
ING OF GRINNING MEN AND WOMEN, A TERRIBLE REALIZATION CHILLS
HIS VEINS...

AH,
VESPA
HAS
TRIUMPHED
AGAIN!

YES, WITH
ANOTHER **STRONG**
WARRIOR! YOUNG,
AND FILLED
WITH **BLOOD!**

ANOTHER HAS
TAKEN THE **BAIT!**

HURRY, VESPA!
BRING HIM TO US!
WE'RE **THIRSTY!**

NO! YOU'RE...
YOU'RE ALL...
VAMPIRES!

IT LOOKS LIKE DOGAULT
GOT TO MEET THE FAMILY,
ALL RIGHT! HAD HIM FOR
DINNER THE FIRST VISIT! AT
LEAST OUR VEINY
VIKING DOESN'T HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT
THAT **SICK CHICK'S**
SCARE PARENTS
LIKING HIM!

MAYBE THEY
LIKED HIM A **BIT...**
TOO MUCH!

SEE
YA!

PROLOGUE...



HELLO ANNE!
I COME TO ASK
YA IF YA'D LIKE
TO GO TO THE
MOVIES IN TOWN
WITH ME?

OH, FRANK,
I'M SORRY BUT
I CAN'T... I'VE
GOT COMPANY...

SO **THAT'S** WHERE
THE FANCY SPORTS
CAR CAME FROM...

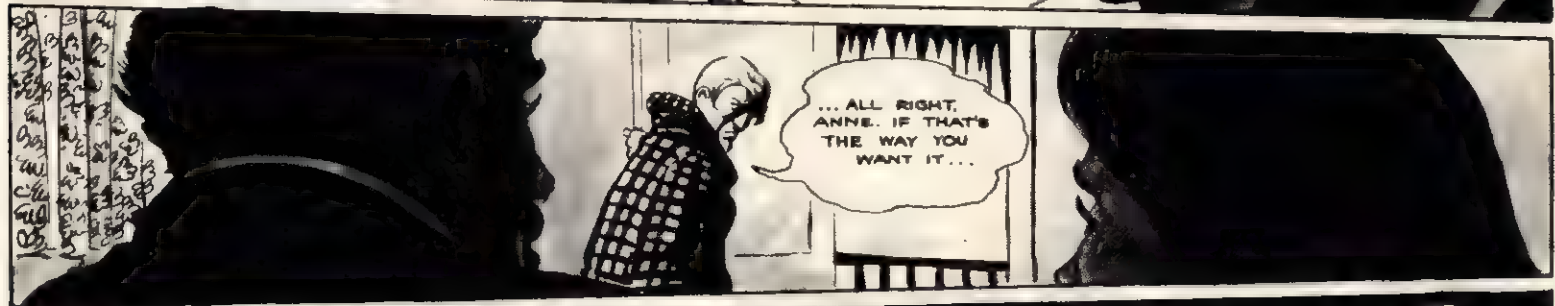
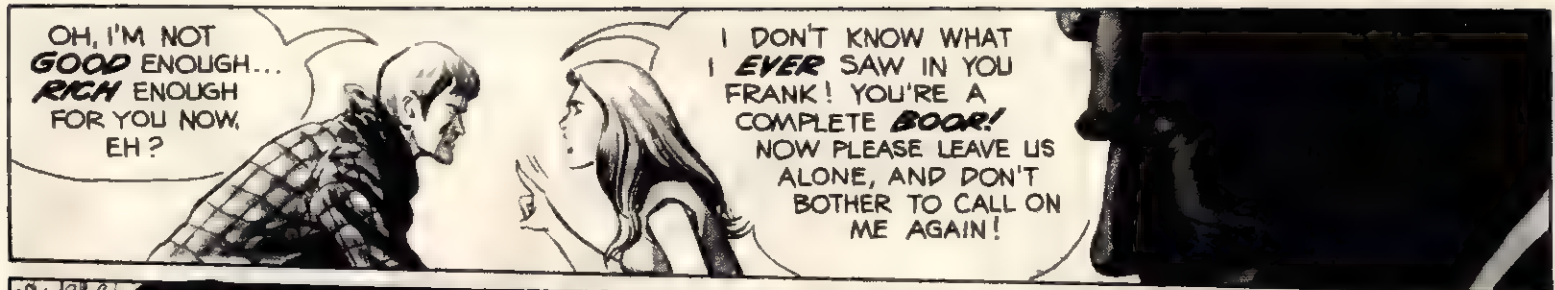
YES...
WELL, I
SUPPOSE
I SHOULD
INTRODUCE
YOU... COME
ON IN FOR
A MOMENT,
FRANK.


FRANK WILLIAMS. THIS IS
MR GEORGE TOMKINS. GEORGE
IS IN REAL ESTATE.

HOW DO YA
DO MR TOMKINS,
ANNE. WHAT
ABOUT TOMORROW
NIGHT?

HOW CAN YOU BE
SO **RUDE**, FRANK WILLIAMS?
I'VE JUST **INTRODUCED** YOU
TO SOMEONE! **NO**, I WILL
NOT GO OUT WITH YOU TOMORROW
OR EVER AGAIN UNTIL YOU
LEARN SOME MANNERS AND
**MAKE SOMETHING
OF YOURSELF!**







OH GEORGE,
YOUR SPORTS CAR
IS SUCH A **GAS!**
I FEEL JUST LIKE
I'M FLYING.

IF YOU THINK THIS
IS SOMETHING, JUST WAIT
TILL I GET A CHANCE TO OPEN
HER UP ALL THE WAY!
THIS IS NO **HORSE AND CART**
LIKE WILLIAMS TOOK YOU
OUT IN, BABY!

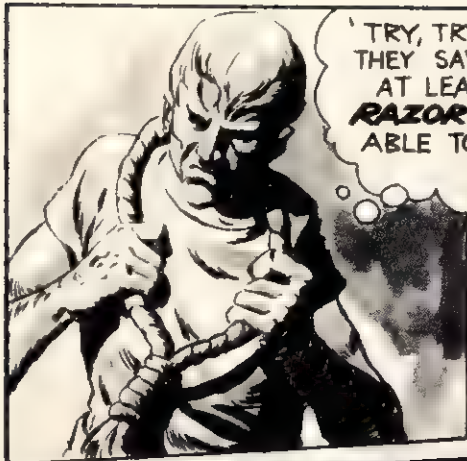
I'LL BET
SHE'S WITH
THAT CITY-
SLICKER
TOMKINS
RIGHT NOW!
HIM WITH HIS
FANCY CLOTHES
AND SPORTS
CAR!
HOW CAN I
HOPE TO
COMPETE
WITH **HIM?**

NOTHING LEFT NOW
WITH ANNE GONE...
WONDER WHAT THIS WILL
FEEL LIKE...

WHAT THE!.. ROPE
BROKE! WHAT A LAUGH!
I'M THE ALL-TIME LOSER...
CAN'T EVEN KILL MYSELF!
HOW YOU'D LAUGH, ANNE
IF YOU COULD SEE
ME NOW!

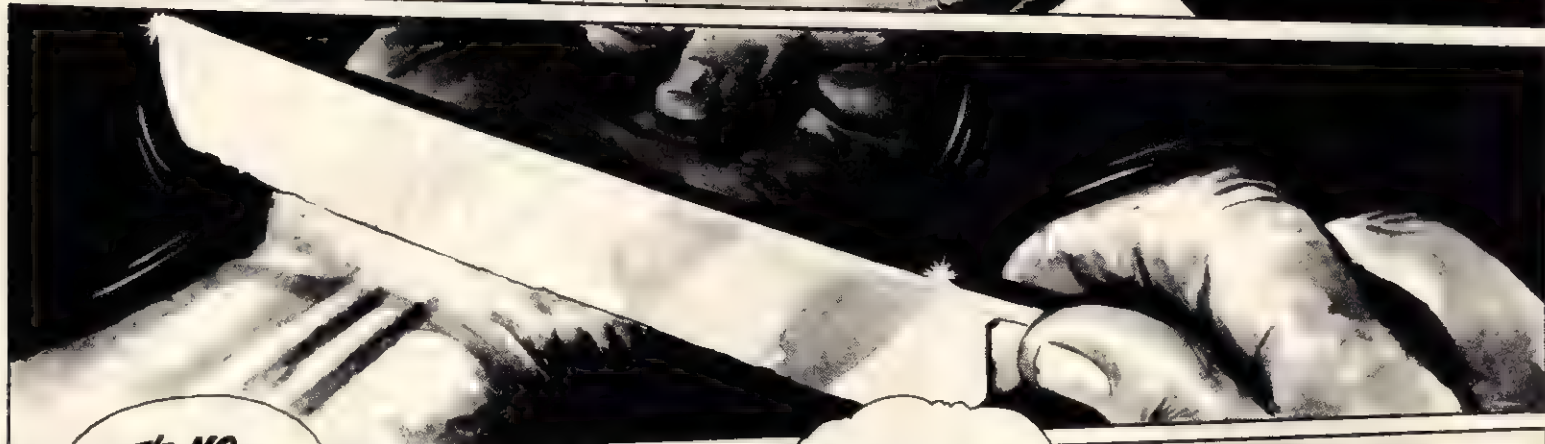
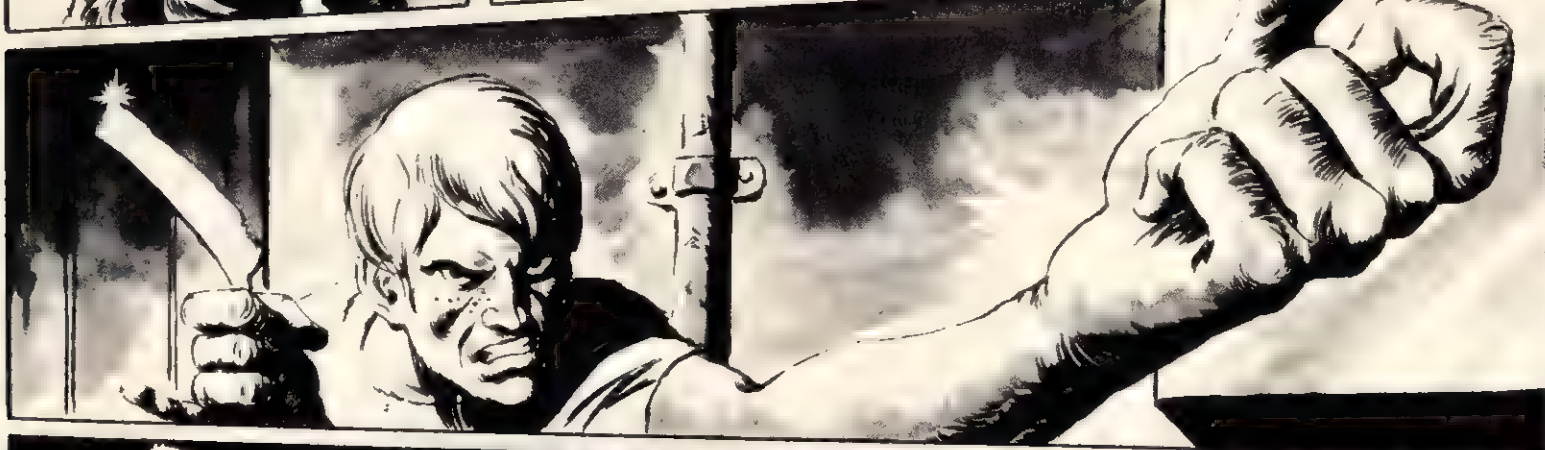
SNAP

Y'KNOW,
BABY, I
DON'T SEE
HOW YOU
COULD EVEN
GET **CLOSE**
TO THAT
HAY-SEED
FARMER
WITHOUT
LAUGHING
AT HIM!



'TRY, TRY AGAIN'
THEY SAY. WELL,
AT LEAST MY
RAZOR WON'T BE
ABLE TO BREAK!

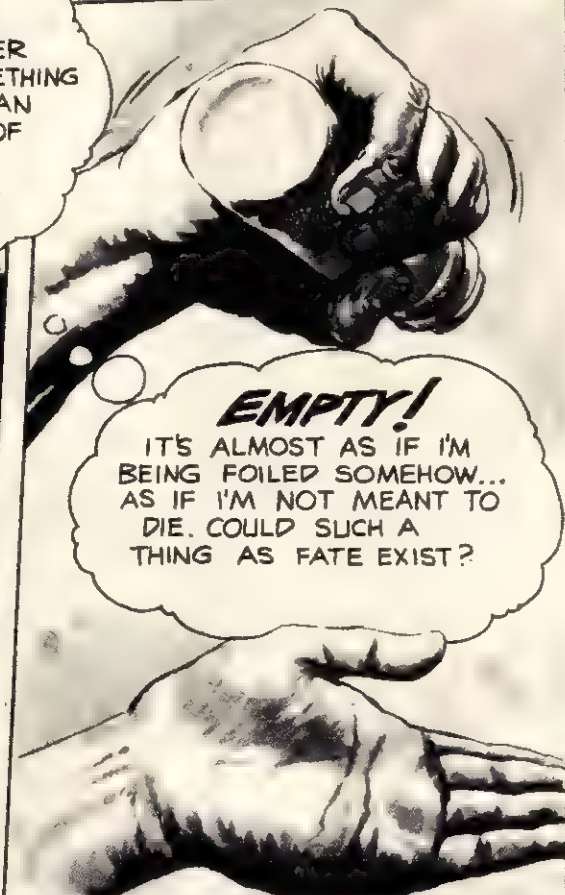
...WITH TREMBLING HANDS WHICH BELIE THE OUTCOME OF HIS
SECOND ATTEMPT TO **CUT** SHORT HIS OWN LIFE, FRANK
WILLIAMS REACHES FOR HIS STRAIGHT RAZOR...



IT'S NO
USE! I JUST
CAN'T DO
IT!



GOTTA DO
IT AN EASIER
WAY... SOMETHING
PAINLESS... AN
OVERDOSE OF
SLEEPING
PILLS...



EMPTY!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF I'M
BEING FOILED SOMEHOW...
AS IF I'M NOT MEANT TO
DIE. COULD SUCH A
THING AS FATE EXIST?

SELF-PITY AND
SELF TORTURE
HOVER OVER FRANK
WILLIAMS'S SHOULDER
AS HE PONDER
INTANGIBLE FATE AND
THE GIRL WHO HAS
NOW ALSO BECOME
INTANGIBLE TO HIM...

FATE! THAT'S A
LAUGH! ADMIT IT,
WILLIAMS, YOU'RE JUST
A LOSER... CAN'T EVEN
TAKE **YOUR OWN LIFE!**
I WONDER WHAT
ANNE'S DOING
NOW...

WELL, BABY, I'LL BET THAT
HICK WILLIAMS NEVER TOOK YOU
TO A PLACE LIKE THIS BEFORE
HA! HA!

I NEVER
NOTICED BEFORE
HOW **GLOATING**
GEORGE IS, I
WONDER... COULD
I BE WRONG?

GOOD TABLES ARE **ALWAYS**
AVAILABLE IF ONE IS ABLE TO
ADEQUATELY GREASE THE **MATRE D'S**
PALM WITH A FEW GREEN BILLS...

YA SEE BABY,
MONEY **TALKS!** YA
WANT SOMETHIN', YA
GOTTA PAY FOR IT,
AND I CAN PAY FOR
ANYTHING I WANT.
NOTHING MATTERS
BESIDES COLD
HARD CASH!

I'M BEGINNING
TO WONDER...
FRANK NEVER
COULD TAKE ME
TO PLACES LIKE THIS,
BUT AT LEAST HE
CARED FOR THINGS
OTHER THAN MONEY.
THINGS LIKE
EMOTIONS, AND...
ME...

YES, ANNE, FRANK CARES
ABOUT YOU... ENOUGH TO
GIVE HIS **LIFE** FOR YOU...
IF ONLY HE COULD...

GAS & E

Dear Mr Williams,
Due to six months of
we regret that we must
terminate your gas
supply

CAN'T EVEN
GAS MYSELF
TO SLEEP...

FARMER
WILLIAMS
HAS PROBABLY
NEVER EVEN
SEEN FOOD
LIKE **THIS**,
EH, DOLL?



Wisteria

SEA FO

SHUT UP!
YOU POMPOUS
SELF-CENTERED
CHILD!

WHAT
DID
YOU
SAY?

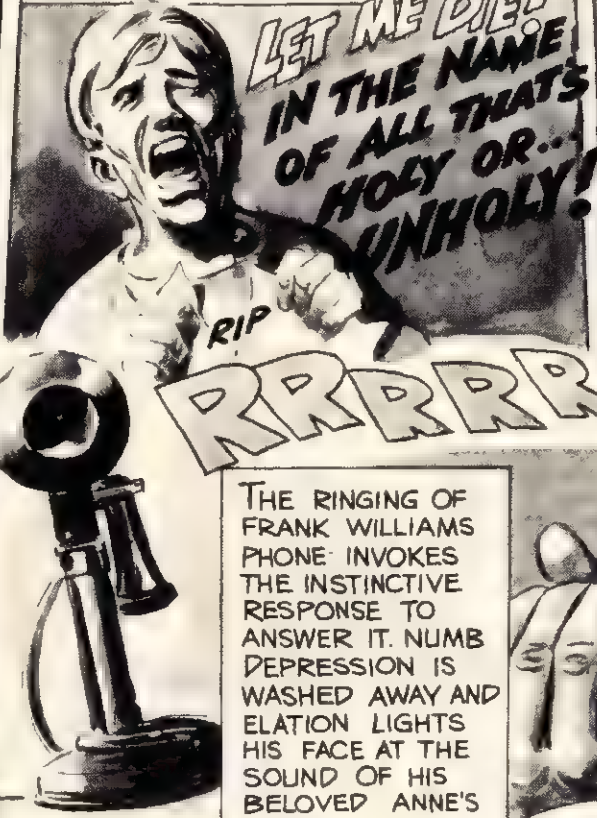
YOU HEARD ME!
THERE ARE MORE THINGS
TO LIFE THAN MONEY!
FRANK WILLIAMS REALIZED
THAT AND I **SHOULD**
HAVE LONG AGO.
GOOD-BYE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO SEE IF FRANK WILL STILL SEE ME. YOU CAN SCRATCH **ME** OUT OF YOUR LITTLE BLACK BOOK, **MR. TOMKINS!**

BUT THE TORMENT OF LOST LOVE WREAKS PITIABLE RESULTS FROM THE LONELY...



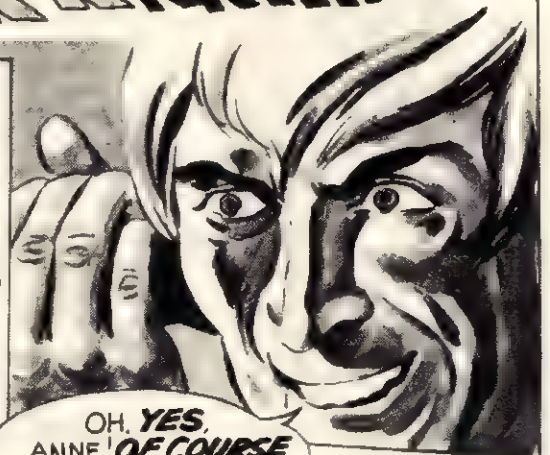
**LET ME DIE!
IN THE NAME
OF ALL THAT'S
HOLY OR...
UNHOLY!**

WHAT'S THE USE?
REQUESTS LIKE THESE ARE
NEVER ANSWERED...



RRRRRRRIIINNNGG

THE RINGING OF FRANK WILLIAMS PHONE INVOKES THE INSTINCTIVE RESPONSE TO ANSWER IT. NUMB DEPRESSION IS WASHED AWAY AND ELATION LIGHTS HIS FACE AT THE SOUND OF HIS BELOVED ANNE'S VOICE...

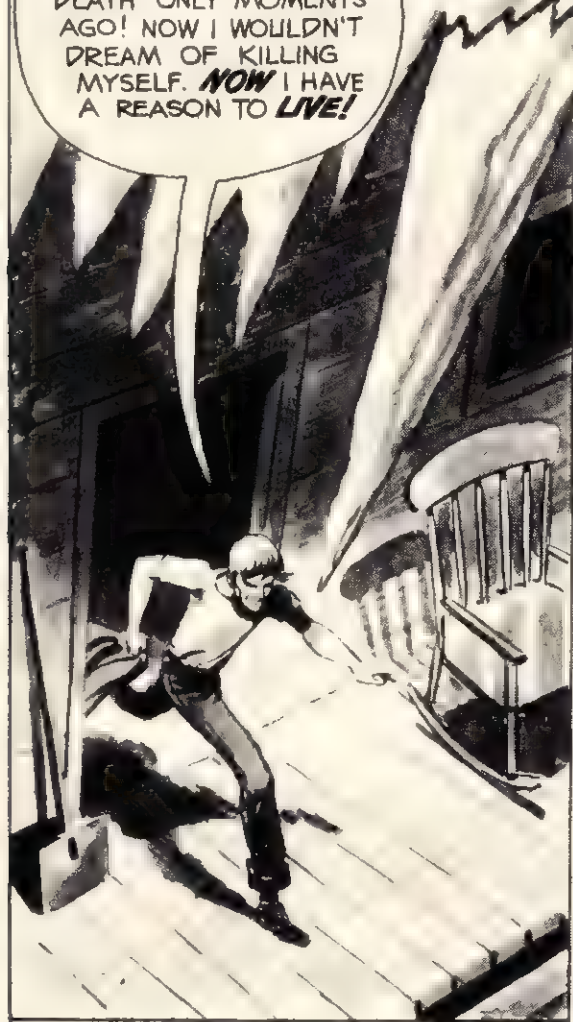


OH, **YES**, ANNE! **OF COURSE** I'LL SEE YOU! **YES**, I'M ON MY WAY!

EXPECTATION SPURS HIS FEET AS A COMPLETELY CHANGED FRANK WILLIAMS DASHES FROM HIS HOUSE...

ANNE **LOVES** ME **AFTER ALL!** AND TO THINK I PRAYED FOR DEATH ONLY MOMENTS AGO! NOW I WOULDN'T DREAM OF KILLING MYSELF. **NOW** I HAVE A REASON TO **LIVE!**

KRACK



THUK



GHAAAAA

... BUT PERHAPS FRANK'S REQUEST IS ANSWERED... OR PERHAPS A STRANGE AND TWISTED **FATE** DOES EXIST, REARING IT'S MYSTERIOUS HEAD OFTEN ONLY TO PERPETRATE THE MOST GROSSLY SUPREME IRONIES...



THE CURSE

HE WAS AFRAID...
THAT MUCH HE
KNEW, AND THAT
SOMETHING HAD
JUST HAPPENED...
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE, BUT
WHAT IT WAS
HE DID NOT
KNOW. HE
DID NOT KNOW
WHERE HE WAS
OR HOW HE HAD
COME TO
BE THERE...

... IT WAS AS IF
THIS WAS THE VERY
FIRST MOMENT
OF TIME... AND
FOR HIM IT WAS,
THERE WAS NO
MEMORY OF YES-
TERDAY TO GIVE
HIM IDENTITY...

THIRSTY...

WHAT-?!
NO!

NO! THAT
IS NOT ME!
IT CAN'T
BE!

HE SOON CAME UPON A CLEARING, AND...

COME..
I HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU...

THE WOMAN LED
HIM INSIDE, AND
BEGAN TO PREPARE
DINNER, AS SHE
WORKED, SHE
TALKED... AND AS
SHE TALKED, HE
BEGAN TO
UNDERSTAND...

I AM ZARA... YOU DO
NOT KNOW YOUR NAME?

NO, I...

BUT.. ENOUGH OF
THAT FOR NOW... WE
SHALL DISCUSS IT ALL
WHEN WE HAVE
EATEN...

THEN... SOMEONE
HAS SOMEHOW STOLEN
MY MEMORY... MY
IDENTITY... AND
TURNED ME INTO
THIS THING THAT I AM...

YES... YOU ARE
THE VICTIM OF
A SPELL, AN EN-
CHANTMENT... AS
I AM!

BUT I KNOW
WHO IS RESPONSIB-
LE, AND IF YOU
WILL HELP ME,
PERHAPS WE
CAN DO
SOMETHING!

WHAT IS YOUR CURSE? YOU DO NOT SEEM TO BE—

I WILL TELL YOU OF THAT WHEN IT IS TIME... BUT I KNOW THAT IT WAS THE WORK OF THE WITCH ARACHNE, WHO DWELLS NEARBY...



I MUST CALL YOU SOMETHING. HOW ABOUT ZORG? I LIKE THAT! WILL YOU HELP ME, ZORG?

BUT... WHAT CAN I DO? I AM NO WIZARD..



THE SWORD IS ENCHANTED.. IT WILL KILL A WITCH, NO MATTER WHAT MAGICAL PROTECTION SHE HAS...

I WILL ATTRACT HER WHOLE ATTENTION TO ME, AND YOU WILL STRIKE!



ALL YOU NEED FEAR IS THAT YOU WILL BEGIN TO BELIEVE IN HER ILLUSIONS, APPARITIONS... AND I CAN HELP YOU TO AVOID THAT...

VERY WELL... I WILL DO IT... LET US GO...



PRESENTLY, THEY EMERGED FROM THE FOREST...

ONE MORE QUESTION, ZARA... ARE YOU A WITCH TOO?

NO, I AM NOT... BUT I LEARNED SOMETHING OF SORCERY FROM... FROM MY MOTHER...

BUT NOW, NO MORE QUESTIONS! WE WILL SOON BE IN THE LAND OF ARACHNE... SO BE PREPARED...

...FOR MADNESS!




LOOK! UP ON THAT CLIFF!

IT IS A SIGN WE ARE ENTERING THE LAND OF THE WITCH... IT SERVES TO DISCOURAGE INTRUDERS!

...AND, FEELING THE FEAR GROW IN HIS HEART, AND WITH GREAT MISGIVINGS, ZORG FOLLOWED THE GIRL PAST THE HOLLOW STARE OF THE EERIE SENTINEL...



SUDDENLY, AS THEY ROUNDED A BEND...

LOOK OUT!
A MONSTER!

NO! STOP! IT
IS BUT AN
ILLUSION!

YOU ARE
RUNNING
INTO...

... A TRAP!

MY
ANKLE!

THE LIVING DEAD!

THEY
ARE *REAL*,
THEN?

YES... AND
THEY CAN KILL
US! THIS WAY...
QUICK!

THEY FOUND CONCEALMENT BEHIND A BOULDER, AND FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT WATCHED THE EMERGENCE OF A GHASTLY ARMY... AN ARMY OF THE DEAD!

ZARA INDICATED A BOULDER, AND HE PUSHED IT ASIDE...

QUICK! INTO THE TUNNEL! THEY HAVE SEEN US!

YES, ZARA... BUT I... I AM AFRAID...



EEEEEE!
OH, FORGIVE ME, ZORG!
I CAN BE FOOLED, TOO!

SOMETHING HAS SEIZED ME!



ZARA! I AM BEING DEVoured!

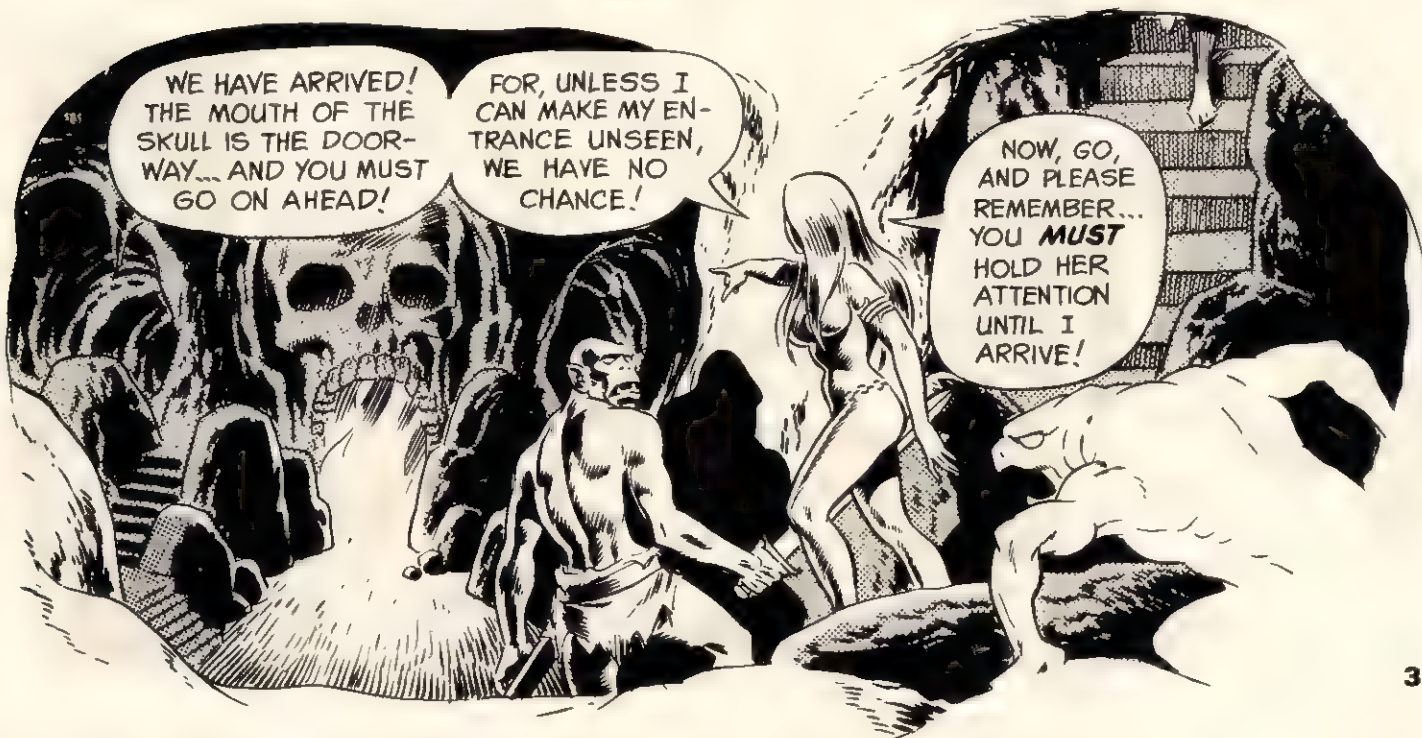
KEEP FOLLOWING ME!
IT IS NOT REAL! REMEMBER THAT!



WE HAVE ARRIVED!
THE MOUTH OF THE SKULL IS THE DOORWAY... AND YOU MUST GO ON AHEAD!

FOR, UNLESS I CAN MAKE MY ENTRANCE UNSEEN, WE HAVE NO CHANCE!

NOW, GO, AND PLEASE REMEMBER... YOU **MUST** HOLD HER ATTENTION UNTIL I ARRIVE!





HIS FLESH CRAWLING IN ANTICIPATION OF PAIN, HE STRODE INTO THE FLAMES...

A MOMENT OF PANIC, AND HE WAS INSIDE! AT THE SIGHT OF A GIANT SPIDER, HE PAUSED, INDECISIVE...



... AND THEN THE ROOM WAS FULL OF MONSTERS, ATTACKING HIM WITH SAVAGE FRENZY FROM ALL SIDES...

HE KNEW, AND YET DID NOT KNOW, THAT HE WAS FIGHTING PHANTOMS... HE FELT PAIN AS SHARP TEETH RIPPED INTO HIS THROAT...



SUDDENLY, HIS MIND WAS CLEAR... AND HE SAW THAT THE BEAST WAS HIS OWN HAND! THEN HE REALIZED...



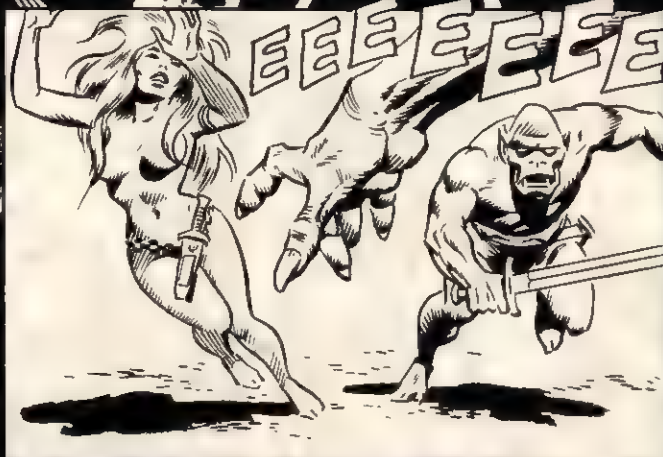
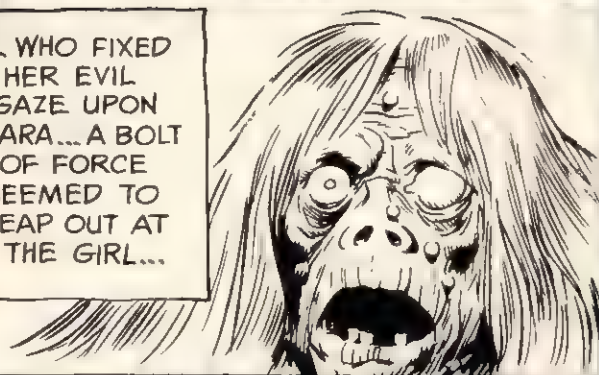
... IT WAS BECAUSE ZARA HAD ENTERED!



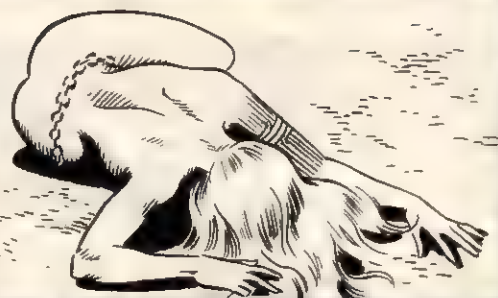
FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS ABSOLUTE SILENCE... THEN THE VERY AIR ABOUT THEM WAS RENT BY UNSEEN FORCES, AND THE SPIDER WAS NO LONGER A SPIDER, BUT A VERY OLD WOMAN...



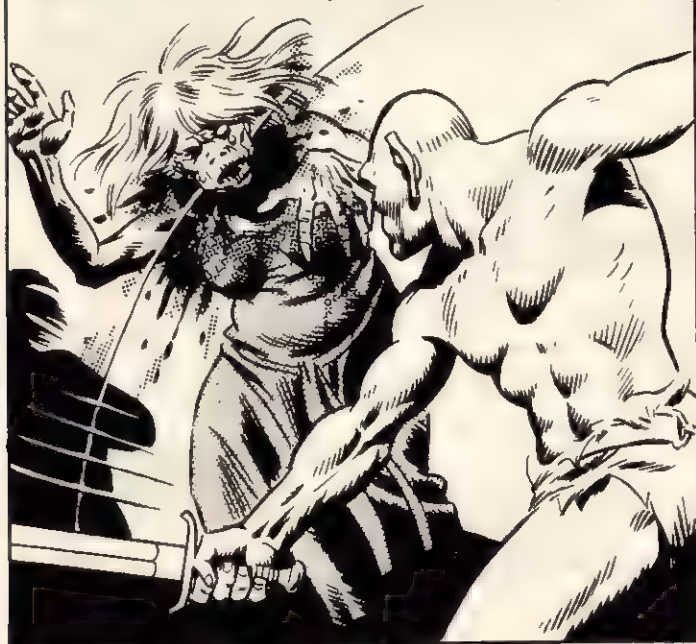
... WHO FIXED HER EVIL GAZE UPON ZARA... A BOLT OF FORCE SEEMED TO LEAP OUT AT THE GIRL...



...AND ZARA CRUMPLED TO THE GROUND.



BUT IN THAT INSTANT, ZORG ACTED...



THEN SWORD DROPPING FROM NERVELESS FINGERS, HE TURNED TO THE FALLEN ZARA...

WE'VE DONE IT, ZARA!

ZARA!
ARE... ARE YOU GOING TO... DIE?



AND THEN, AS HE CRADLED THE FALLEN SORCERESS IN HIS ARMS, SHE BEGAN TO SPEAK, IN A VOICE ALMOST INAUDIBLE...

YES... I AM DYING, ZORG... BUT DO NOT WEEP FOR ME...



I **WANT** TO DIE... THAT WAS PART OF MY PURPOSE IN COMING HERE! THE OTHER PART WAS TO AVENGE MYSELF ON **HER**...

BUT... NOW TAKE ME OUT OF HERE... I DO NOT WISH TO DIE IN THIS PLACE...

ZARA, I DON'T UNDERSTAND... SHE IS DEAD, BUT I AM STILL THE SAME...

THAT IS BECAUSE IT WAS **NOT** SHE WHO CAST THE SPELL UPON YOU... IT WAS I! WITH **MY DEATH** YOU WILL BE FREE!



WHAT?! YOU? BUT... I...

DON'T... PLEASE DON'T HATE ME, ZORG... I TRICKED YOU BECAUSE I COULD NOT SLAY HER MYSELF... I NEEDED SOMEONE TO DO IT WHILE I FOCUSED HER MAGIC ON ME...



FORGIVE ME... AND DO NOT WEEP... I AM MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS OLD, AND WEARY OF LIFE... MY CURSE WAS IMMORTALITY!

NOW **SHE** IS DEAD, AND I CAN DIE, AND ALL IS RIGHT...

ZARA!



THEN THE PAIN BEGAN, AND HE KNEW SHE WAS DEAD. SLOWLY HE RETURNED TO HIS TRUE FORM, AND IN THAT ONE LAST MOMENT OF INTELLIGENCE, HE KNEW...

...AND UNDERSTOOD...



...AND HAPPILY SLITHERED OFF TO THE BOG, WHERE HIS ANXIOUS FAMILY WAITED FOR HIM.



The END

Sorry you can't enter-but why don't you wait anyway-the ones standing will be out any minute..!

SHE'S THE THIRTEENTH ONE-GUTTED LIKE A FISH AND LEFT...FOR THE RATS. AND WE HAVEN'T GOT A SINGLE CLUE AS TO WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL, OR WHY.

POLICE MORGUE

"THE YEAR IS 1888. THE PLACE, A DARK, FORBIDDING POLICE MORGUE SOMEWHERE IN LONDON. FOR OVER A MONTH, AN ELUSIVE, **FIENDISH** MURDERER HAS BEEN LEADING A REIGN OF TERROR RIGHT UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF INSPECTOR ALFRED MARSH AND HIS ASSISTANT, JOHN BRENNER. THE TIME HAS COME TO FIND THIS MYSTERIOUS KILLER AND DESTROY HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL. INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER HAVE VOWED TO CAPTURE HIM BEFORE....

JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN

BUT THERE MUST BE A PATTERN TO THE KILLINGS!

ONLY THAT HE ALWAYS MURDERS WOMEN. TEARS THEM TO SHREDS WITH A KNIFE.

THE NEWSPAPERS CALL HIM **JACK THE RIPPER!**

THEN WE'RE DEALING WITH A **MADMAN!**

NO. HE'D LIKE US TO **THINK** THAT!

POLICE

MORGUE

KEEP

CLOSED

EVEN MADMEN COMMIT THEIR CRIMES IN AN OBVIOUS PATTERN OF TIME AND PLACE. THE RIPPER IS WORSE THAN MAD—HE IS SHOCKINGLY **SANE**, WITH THE CRUELEST, MOST CUNNING MIND I'VE EVER COME UP AGAINST! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH HE KNOWS OUR MOVE EVEN BEFORE **WE DO!**

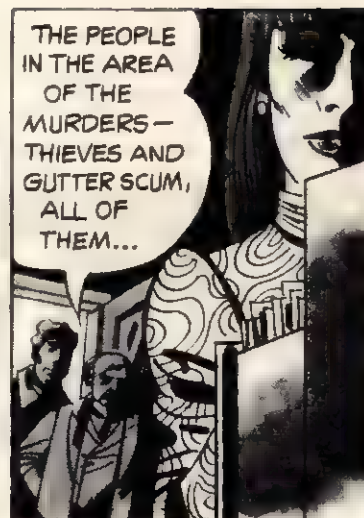


AND YOU CAN'T FIND ANY CLUES?

NONE!

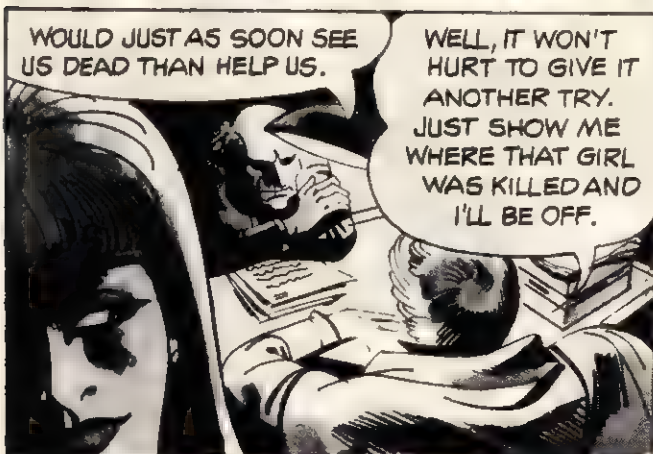


THE PEOPLE IN THE AREA OF THE MURDERS—THIEVES AND GUTTER SCUM, ALL OF THEM...



WOULD JUST AS SOON SEE US DEAD THAN HELP US.

WELL, IT WON'T HURT TO GIVE IT ANOTHER TRY. JUST SHOW ME WHERE THAT GIRL WAS KILLED AND I'LL BE OFF.



HERE—ON WALMSLEY LANE. BUT TAKE CARE, JOHN. THEY'RE A ROUGH BUNCH OVER THERE. AND IT'S A CHILL NIGHT...LET MISS SIMPSON GET SOME TEA IN YOU BEFORE GOING OUT!

I'VE GOT A POT ON NOW.



"WALMSLEY LANE—HAVEN FOR THIEVES AND CUT-THROATS. JOHN BRENNER SENSES THE EVIL AND SMOLDERING HATRED WHICH SEEMS TO HANG IN THE AIR AS HE DRIVES HIS CARRIAGE ALONG THE FILTHY STREET. ROUNDING A CORNER, HE SUDDENLY COMES UPON AN ANGRY MOB..."



WHY IS EVERYONE GATHERED THERE?

THE RIPPER KILLED ANOTHER GIRL LAST NIGHT. THE POLICE WERE JUST HERE FOR HER. WE DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE HANDLING THINGS.

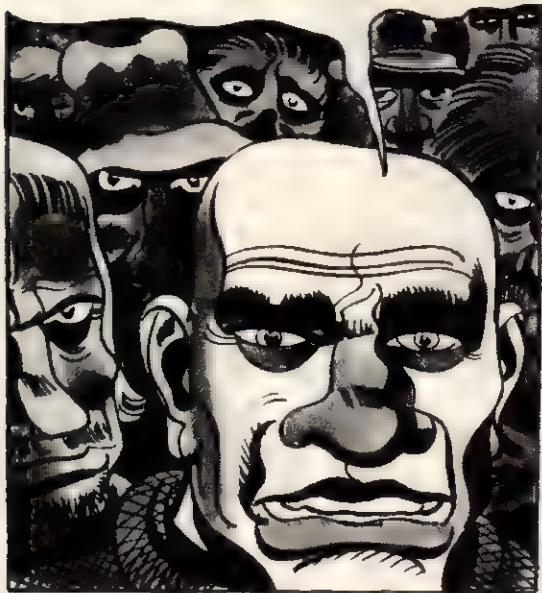


"THEN, BEFORE JOHN KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING, THE SNARLING MOB HAS HIM SURROUNDED..."





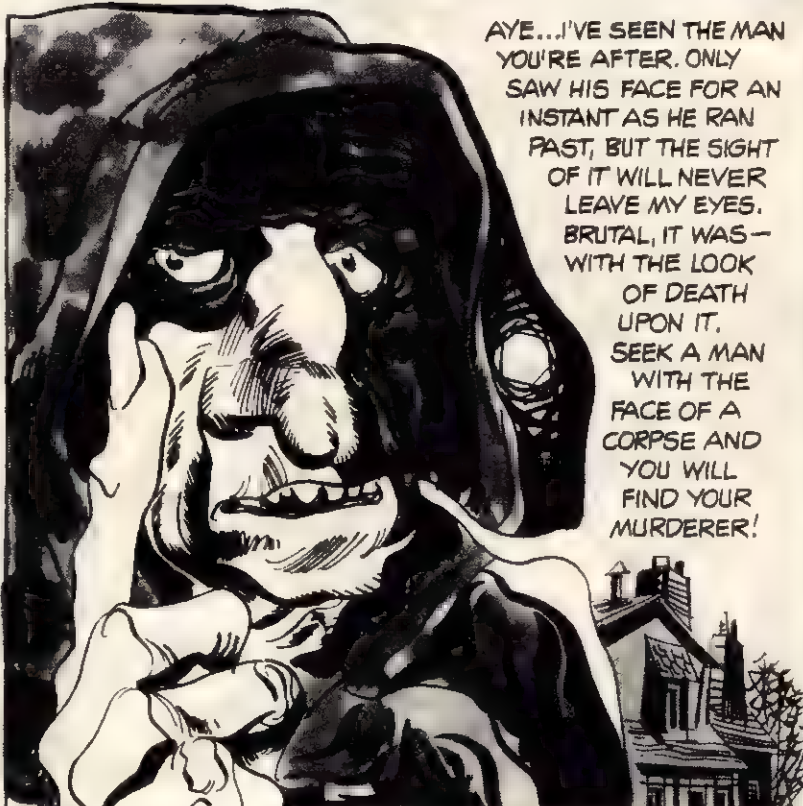
THAT'S ENOUGH!! WE'LL HELP THIS MAN
NO MORE! LET'S BE OFF!!



"AS IF BY MAGIC, THE ANGRY MOB MELTS AWAY
DOWN COUNTLESS ALLEYS AND STREETS WITHIN
MOMENTS, LEAVING ONLY A STRANGE OLD
CRONE BEHIND..."

YOU'LL LEARN NOTHING
MORE HERE, SIR. YOU SEE,
THE RIPPER COULD BE A
BROTHER OR A FATHER, SO
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND
WHY THEY WON'T TALK WITH
YOU. THEY AREN'T AFRAID
OF THE RIPPER. THEY'RE
AFRAID OF
THEMSELVES.

THEN
PERHAPS
YOU CAN
HELP ME.



AYE...I'VE SEEN THE MAN
YOU'RE AFTER. ONLY
SAW HIS FACE FOR AN
INSTANT AS HE RAN
PAST, BUT THE SIGHT
OF IT WILL NEVER
LEAVE MY EYES.
BRUTAL, IT WAS—
WITH THE LOOK
OF DEATH
UPON IT,
SEEK A MAN
WITH THE
FACE OF A
CORPSE AND
YOU WILL
FIND YOUR
MURDERER!

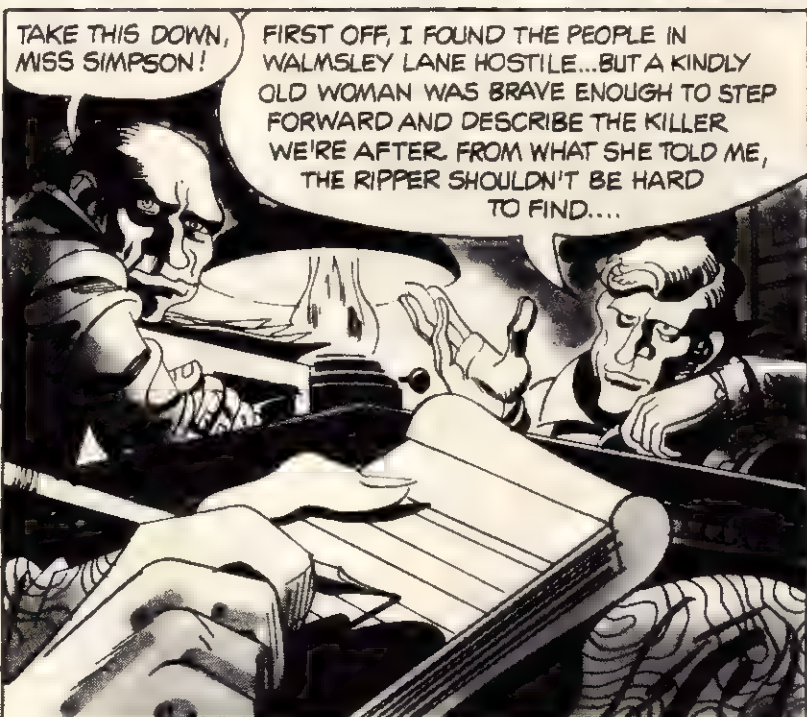


THE
FACE
OF A
CORPSE...

"JOHN BRENNER HURRIES BACK TO INSPECTOR
MARSH'S OFFICE, BURNING WITH ENTHUSIASM...."



LUCK IS WITH US, INSPECTOR!
I HAVE A DESCRIPTION OF
THE RIPPER!



TAKE THIS DOWN,
MISS SIMPSON!

FIRST OFF, I FOUND THE PEOPLE IN
WALMSLEY LANE HOSTILE...BUT A KINDLY
OLD WOMAN WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO STEP
FORWARD AND DESCRIBE THE KILLER
WE'RE AFTER. FROM WHAT SHE TOLD ME,
THE RIPPER SHOULDN'T BE HARD
TO FIND....

"HIS GRISLY DEED DONE, JACK THE RIPPER FLEES INTO THE CONCEALING DARKNESS..."



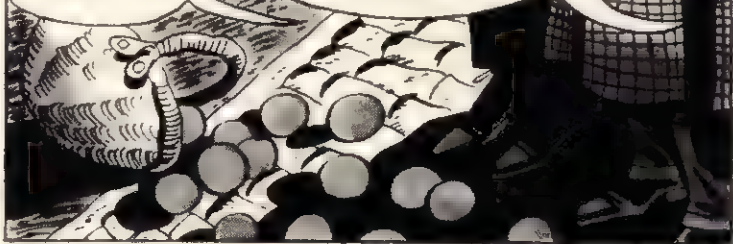
"QUICKLY SLIPPING SOMETHING UNDER HIS COAT..."



"THE FOLLOWING MORNING, INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER HURRY TO WALMSLEY LANE..."

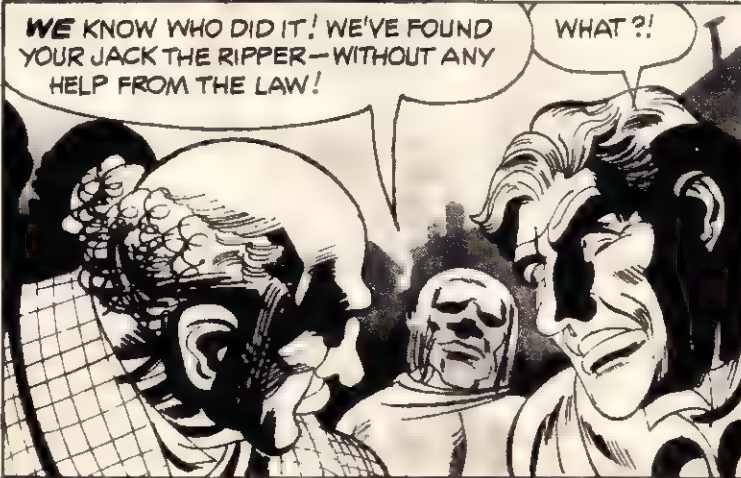
IT'S THE OLD WOMAN WHO HELPED ME!

BUTCHERED JUST LIKE THE REST. WHAT MADMAN COULD HAVE DONE SUCH A THING?



WE KNOW WHO DID IT! WE'VE FOUND YOUR JACK THE RIPPER—WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM THE LAW!

WHAT?!



FOLLOW ME, COPPERS— IF YOU WANT TO MEET HIM IN THE FLESH!



"INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER ARE LED BY THE MOB TO A DINGY, RUN-DOWN BOARDING HOUSE..."

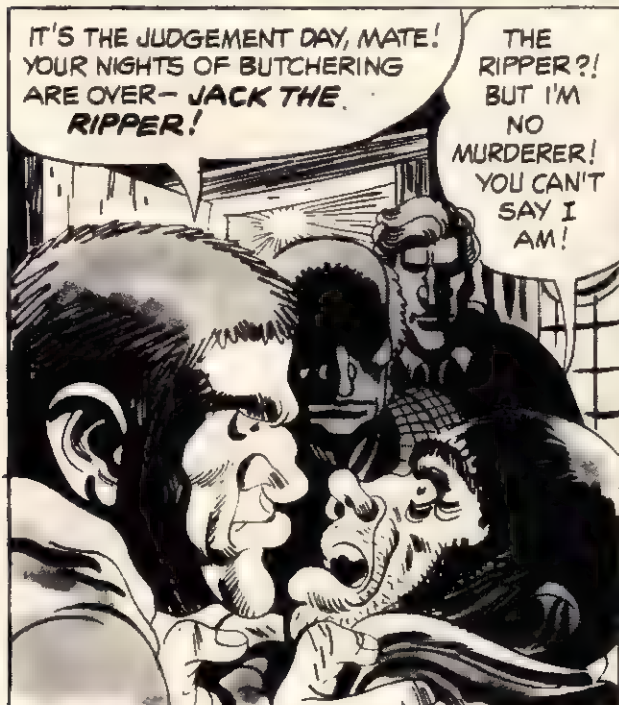
THERE'S YOUR MURDERER, INSPECTOR!

WHA-?! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



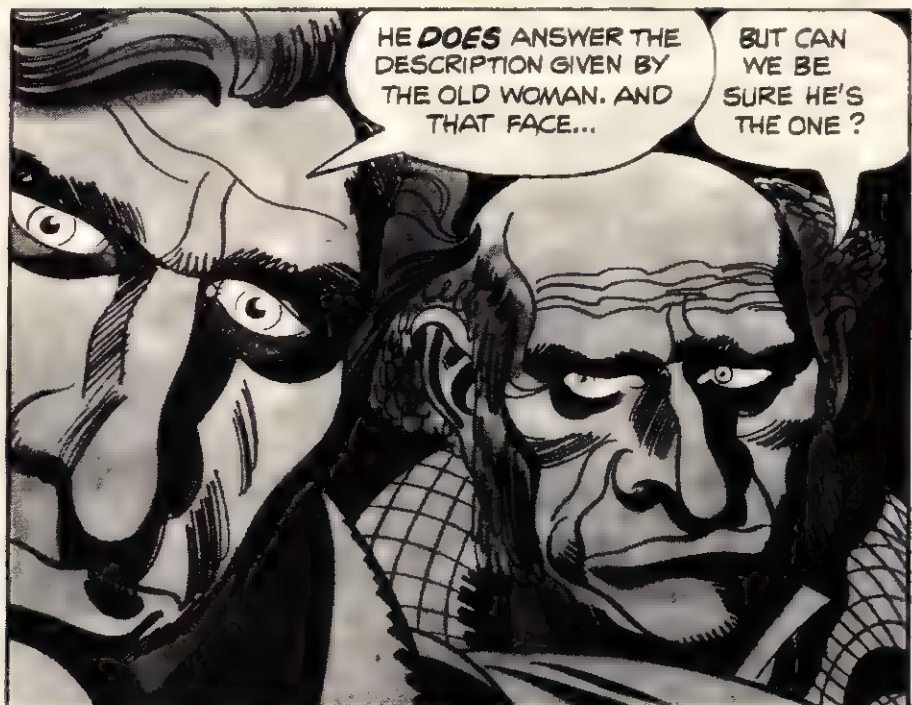
IT'S THE JUDGEMENT DAY, MATE! YOUR NIGHTS OF BUTCHERING ARE OVER— JACK THE RIPPER!

THE RIPPER?! BUT I'M NO MURDERER! YOU CAN'T SAY I AM!



HE DOES ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN BY THE OLD WOMAN. AND THAT FACE...

BUT CAN WE BE SURE HE'S THE ONE?



IS THIS PROOF ENOUGH? AND
HERE'S A BLOODY ONE!



I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD — BUT IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! I KILLED
A DOG — YES, A DOG! IS THAT A CRIME? I SWEAR TO YOU — I DIDN'T
KILL ANYBODY! I'M INNOCENT! I'M NO MURDERER!



YOU'RE JACK THE RIPPER! AND
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR
YOUR CRIMES!

STOP IT! YOU CAN'T TAKE
THE LAW INTO YOUR
OWN HANDS!



"BUT WHEN INSPECTOR MARSH
AND JOHN BRENNER REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS, IT'S
TOO LATE..."



NOW
WE'LL NEVER
KNOW IF
HE REALLY
WAS THE
MAN
WE'RE
AFTER.

"BUT THAT NIGHT IN WALMSLEY LANE, THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN...."

"TWO EVIL, BLOOD-LUSTING EYES STARE OUT OF THE DARKNESS AT THEIR UNSUSPECTING PREY..."



"STEALTHILY, A SINISTER FIGURE APPROACHES FROM BEHIND..."



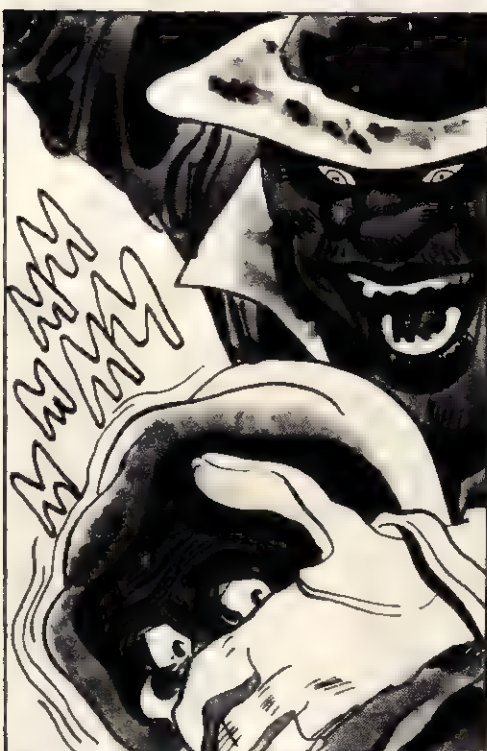
"HIS GLOVED HANDS CLUTCHING A GLEAMING, RAZOR-SHARP DAGGER..."



"THEN - WITHOUT WARNING -"



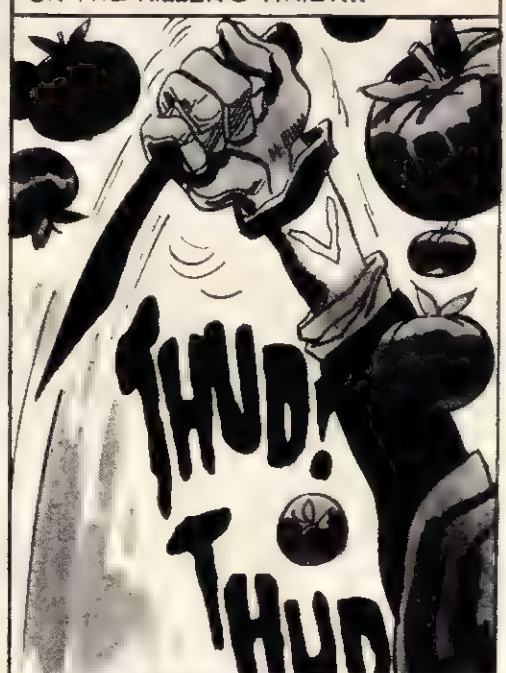
"HE STRIKES!"



"AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEADLY DAGGER PLUNGES DOWNWARD..."



"...REVEALING A PECULIAR SCAR ON THE KILLER'S WRIST..."



"ONE MONTH LATER, IN INSPECTOR MARSH'S OFFICE...."

WELL, JOHN—THERE HAVE BEEN THREE MORE RIPPER MURDERS SINCE THAT INNOCENT MAN WAS LYNCHED IN WALMSLEY LANE... WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED! WE'VE PICKED UP EVERY MAN WHO COULD POSSIBLY ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION WE HAVE, AND STILL NO LUCK!

WAIT! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING....SUPPOSE THE RIPPER ISN'T A "HE" AT ALL! WHAT IF HE'S REALLY A **WOMAN**?! IT'S A CRAZY IDEA, BUT—WELL, ANYONE CAN WEAR A MASK, WHICH WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE RIPPER'S GRUESOME FACE. AND WHO CAN TELL **WHAT** SEX A FLEETING SHADOW IN THE DARKNESS IS??

PRIVATE
INSPECTOR MARSH

I ADMIT IT'S A POSSIBILITY, JOHN. BUT IT'S JUST TOO PREPOSTEROUS. NO WOMAN COULD COMMIT THOSE FIENDISH CRIMES!

YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. OH—I ALMOST FORGOT: I CAME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ANOTHER CASE. I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW.

I'M SO SORRY YOU HAVE TO GO, JOHN—WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU AROUND HERE. GOOD LUCK ON YOUR NEW CASE. GOODBYE.

THANK YOU, INSPECTOR. HERE'S HOPING YOU CATCH THE RIPPER SOON, WHOEVER HE—OR **SHE**—IS!

JOHN'S A GOOD MAN, BUT SOMETIMES HIS IMAGINATION GETS THE BETTER OF HIM. JACK THE RIPPER—A WOMAN INDEED! BUT STILL, I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR CERTAIN.

NO, SIR. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WILL.

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, MISS SIMPSON?

OH—JUST A THOUGHT, INSPECTOR MARSH, JUST A THOUGHT...!

Knowing what we know about the young lady, it's more like a cutting remark!

POLICE

MORGUE

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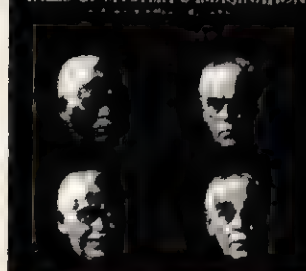
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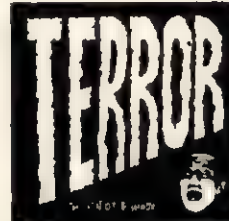
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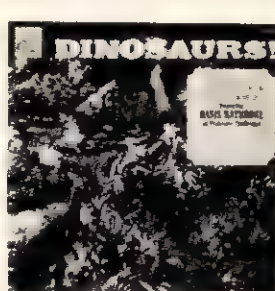
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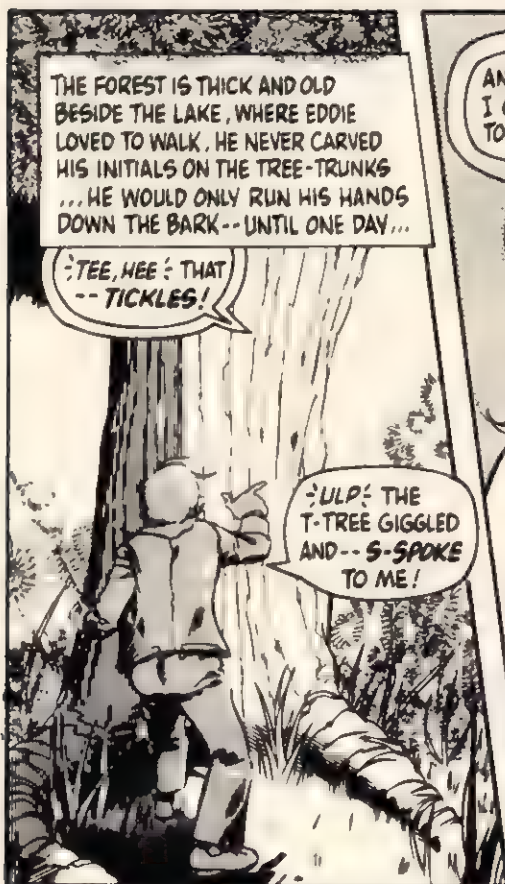
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NAME _____
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TIRED OF CUT-
AND-**DRYAD** STORIES?
YOU **WOOD** LIKE TO
READ SOMETHING WITH
SOME TREE-MENDOUS
SPIRIT, HEY?
READ ON...

MOST FOLKS AROUND LAKE WINNETEKA HAD YOUNG EDDIE BARRETT
TABBED AS A SIMPLETON. HE WAS 'WRONG IN THE HEAD' AND 'A MITE
TETCHED.' IT'S TRUE, HE HAD A SILLY GRIN AND LAUGHED A LOT WHEN
THERE WAS NOTHING FUNNY HAPPENING--BUT THIS WAS NO REASON
FOR THE BIGGER BOYS IN TOWN TO PICK ON HIM, BUT EVEN WHEN
THEY HURT HIM, EDDIE NEVER CRIED. HE JUST WHIMPERED A LITTLE
AND RAN OFF INTO THE FOREST. EDDIE, YOU SEE, HAD CERTAIN...AH
FRIENDS IN THOSE WOODS, BECAUSE HE WAS...

THE BOY WHO LOVED TREES!



THE FOREST IS THICK AND OLD
BESIDE THE LAKE, WHERE EDDIE
LOVED TO WALK. HE NEVER CARVED
HIS INITIALS ON THE TREE-TRUNKS
... HE WOULD ONLY RUN HIS HANDS
DOWN THE BARK--UNTIL ONE DAY...

TEE, HEE! THAT
--TICKLES!

ULD! THE
T-TREE GIGGLED
AND--S-SPOKE
TO ME!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T
I GIGGLE? OR TALK,
TOO, IF I **WANT** TO?

BUT **TREES**
DON'T TALK!

THE TREE
ISN'T TALKING, SILLY!
I AM!!

WHO'RE
YOU?

I'M A **DRYAD**--
THE SPIRIT OF THIS
TREE!

ALL THESE TREES
HAVE DRYADS LIVING
INSIDE THEM. WE DIE
WHEN SOMEONE CUTS
DOWN OUR TREE,
YOU KNOW...

NOT EVERYONE
CAN **SEE** US,
EITHER...

BUT YOU
HAVE
"THE SIGHT"



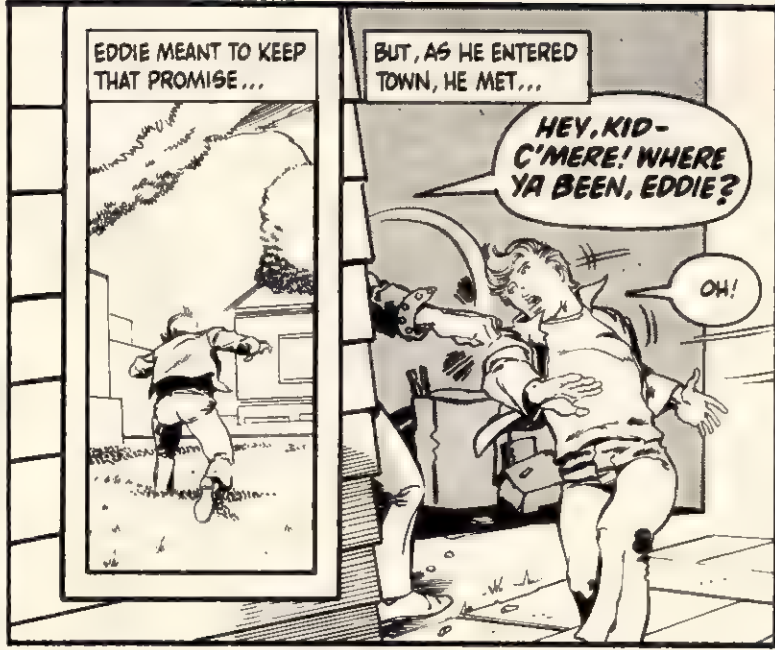


YOU MUST NEVER TELL ANYONE YOU SAW ME, THOUGH -- OR THAT I **SPOKE** TO YOU!

LET IT BE OUR **SECRET!**

AND IF YOU PROMISE TO **KEEP** THAT SECRET, YOU CAN COME HERE TONIGHT TO A PARTY WE'RE HAVING!

OOOOH! I'D LIKE THAT! I **PROMISE!**

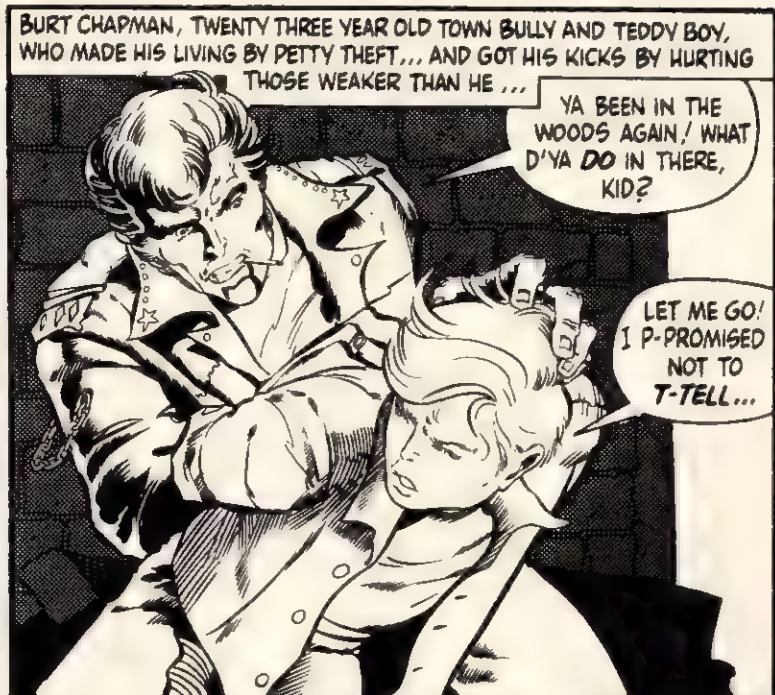


EDDIE MEANT TO KEEP THAT PROMISE...

BUT, AS HE ENTERED TOWN, HE MET...

HEY, KID- C'MERE! WHERE YA BEEN, EDDIE?

OH!



BURT CHAPMAN, TWENTY THREE YEAR OLD TOWN BULLY AND TEDDY BOY, WHO MADE HIS LIVING BY PETTY THEFT... AND GOT HIS KICKS BY HURTING THOSE WEAKER THAN HE...

YA BEEN IN THE WOODS AGAIN! WHAT D'YA DO IN THERE, KID?

LET ME GO! I P-PROMISED NOT TO T-TELL...

THIS IS THE SAME BURT CHAPMAN WHO, AT SEVENTEEN, WAS CAUGHT BREAKING INTO A DRUG STORE... AND GOT A REMANDED SENTENCE IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS FATHER...



AND WHO THEN FOUND LESS STYLISH METHODS TO OUTLET HIS DISSATISFACTION WITH BORING LIFE... LIKE...

MY MOMMY GAVE IT TO ME! MY MOMMY GAVE IT TO ME!!



YA GOT NO RIGHT TO HAVE NICE, SHINY TOYS LIKE THAT, KID!

SO, NATURALLY -- KNOWING HOW CRUEL BURT CHAPMAN COULD BE -- EDDIE TALKED...

DON'T! DON'T! I'LL TELL YOU! I WAS TALKING TO A TREE SPIRIT... AND SHE INVITED ME TO A PARTY IN THE WOODS TONIGHT!



LITTLE LIAR! TREES AIN'T GOT NO SPIRITS! WHADDYA TAKE ME FOR, KID? I OUGHTTA TEACH YA TO TELL LIES, I OUGHT!



BUT I AIN'T GOT THE TIME! SO BEAT IT, KID-- WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE... G'WAN... BEAT IT!

EDDIE WAS AN ORPHAN, HIS PARENTS HAD DIED WHEN HE WAS VERY SMALL. HE HAD NO SISTER TO CHIDE HIM, NO BROTHER TO PROTECT HIM... ONLY A GRANDMA TO WARN HIM...

I SEE YOU BEEN OUT IN THE WOODS AGAIN, BOY. YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE YOU BEING OUT THERE, WHAT WITH THAT HOOLIGAN BURT CHAPMAN ALWAYS CAUSIN' TROUBLE AN' ALL!

HE DOESN'T GO WHERE I GO, GRANDMA...

THAT'S AS MAYBE, DID YOU WASH YOUR HANDS, BOY?

YES'M.

THEN EAT UP AND BE OFF TO BED WITH YOU.

EDDIE DIDN'T USUALLY SNEAK OUT WITHOUT HIS GRANDMA KNOWING - BUT TONIGHT WAS SPECIAL...

NOTHING MUCH DOIN'... GUESS I'LL ROUND UP SOME OF THA BOYS AN'... WAIT!

IT'S CRAZY EDDIE! WHAT'S HE UP TO?

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE PARTY... WITH MY FRIENDS.

HE'S RUNNING OFF INTO THE WOODS AGAIN! BUT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THAT LITTLE FINK REALLY DOES OUT THERE!

EDDIE WAS WELCOMED BY HIS FRIEND, LYSSA, THE DRYAD, AND BY OTHER DRYADS AS WELL... HE ATE HAPPILY WHEN THEY FED HIM NUTS AND BERRIES...

I'M GONNA COME HERE LOTS, I LIKE YOU ALL!

WE ARE GLAD YOU LIKE US, LITTLE EDDIE.

WE ARE GLAD YOU HAVE "THE SIGHT."

SINCE HE DID NOT HAVE "THE SIGHT," THE DELINQUENT CHAPMAN, IN HIDING, ONLY SAW...

CRAZY KID! HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF!

... AND CHEWING ON AIR, YET!!

THEN THE DRYADS DANCED MERRILY BETWEEN THE TREES, AND EDDIE LAUGHED WITH THE FREEDOM AND THE FUN...

HA, HA, HA! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HAPPY!

STAY HAPPY, EDDIE!

BUT IN THE EYES OF THE WATCHING TEDDY BOY, EDDIE WAS QUITE ALONE... AND APPARENTLY DANCING FOR NO REASON...

FRESH LITTLE KID WAS LYIN' THROUGH HIS TEETH TO ME. HE'S ONLY PRE-TENDING TO HAVE A PARTY!

HE'LL BE SORRY HE LIED TO ME! I'LL GIVE THE RUNT A PARTY -- HIS LAST ONE!



AND SO, AS YOUNG EDDIE WALKED HOMEWARD THAT NIGHT...

READY, YOU GUYS?
SURE ARE, BURT!
THIS'S GONNA BE A PARTY CRAZY EDDIE WILL NEVER FORGET!



M
OKAY, BUT REMEMBER... KEEP THE NOISE DOWN...
...IF MY OL' MAN FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS I'LL LOSE MY PAROLE!

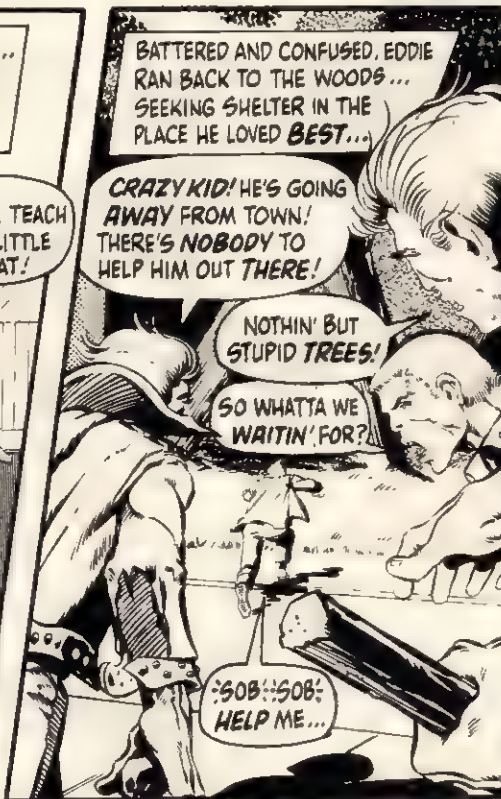


BLINDED BY THE SUDDEN IMPACT... LITTLE EDDIE COULD PUT UP NO GUARD AGAINST THE VICIOUS ATTACK...

YA GOT HIM TWICE, BURT!
THIS'LL TEACH THE LITTLE RAT!



OOOHHH!!



BATTERED AND CONFUSED, EDDIE RAN BACK TO THE WOODS... SEEKING SHELTER IN THE PLACE HE LOVED BEST...

CRAZY KID! HE'S GOING AWAY FROM TOWN! THERE'S NOBODY TO HELP HIM OUT THERE!

NOTHIN' BUT STUPID TREES!
SO WHATTA WE WAITIN' FOR?

SOB::SOB:: HELP ME...



ONLY A FEW STREETS AWAY, EDDIE'S GRANDMA PEERED INTO THE TROUBLED NIGHT AIR... ALL THAT NOISE! CHAPMAN AND HIS GANG I BET...

I DO HOPE THEIR ROW DIDN'T DISTURB MY LITTLE EDDIE!..



SHE DIDN'T KNOW HER GRANDSON WAS IN THE MIDST OF THAT ROW... AND IT WAS DOING MORE THAN DISTURBING HIM... IT WAS FRIGHTENING HIM TO DEATH!

HE RUNS FAST FOR A RUNT!

WE'LL CATCH 'IM!



I'LL GET HIM WITH THIS ROCK!

YA DID GET 'IM!

RIGHT ON THE HEAD!

SOB:: HELP.. PLEASE HELP ME!

CAN BLOODSTAINED EYES STILL HAVE SIGHT?



C'MON, EDDIE -- WE GOT A **REAL** PARTY TREAT FOR YA!

WE WANNA SEE IF YOU CAN **SWIM**--

WITH YOUR **POCKETS FULLA ROCKS!**

NO! NO! PLEASE!



EDDIE'S FRIGHT WAS A DRYNESS IN HIS MOUTH, A CLAMMINESS OF HIS SKIN AS HE MOANED, UNABLE TO SPEAK!

HE'LL WEIGH A **TON** WHEN WE'RE DONE!

MAYBE WE SHOULD TIE HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK!



EDDIE HAD TO BE DRAGGED ALONG... HE WAS SO **HEAVY** HE COULDN'T STAND UP BY HIMSELF...

C'MON, C'MON! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

MY OLD MAN'LL BE WONDERING WHERE I AM!

HERE'S THE **LAKE!**

IF YA CAN SWIM NOW WE'LL **BELIEVE** YOU MET TREE SPIRITS!



THE RUFFIANS PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE TREES, NOR TO THE BRANCHES THAT CROWDED IN UPON THEM...

IT'S BEEN A REAL NICE PARTY, EDDIE, YA BEEN A **TERRIFIC** HOST!

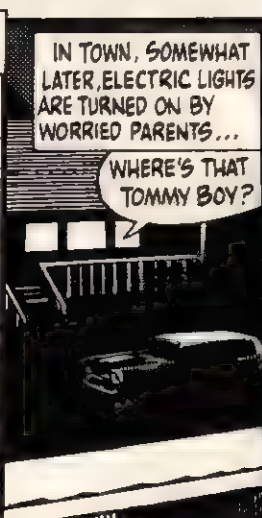
BUT WE GOTTA **SPLIT** NOW!

GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE **FISHES**, KID!

EDDIE'S DRYAD FRIENDS HADN'T DESERTED HIM... THEY **COULDN'T** DESERT HIM...

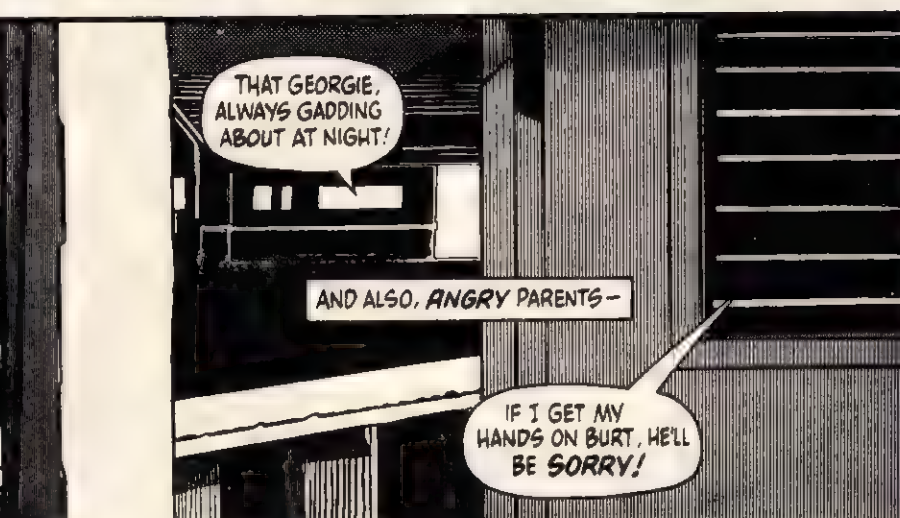


BECAUSE THOSE WITH "THE SIGHT" ARE TOO PRECIOUS TO LOSE.



IN TOWN, SOMEWHAT LATER, ELECTRIC LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON BY WORRIED PARENTS...

WHERE'S THAT TOMMY BOY?



THAT GEORGIE, ALWAYS GADDING ABOUT AT NIGHT!

AND ALSO, **ANGRY** PARENTS--

IF I GET MY HANDS ON BURT, HE'LL BE **SORRY!**

BUT WORRY AND ANGER ARE STRANGELY AS ONE FOR FATHERS, THUS, A SHORT WHILE LATER, THREE CONCERNED TOWNS-FOLK ARE OUT SEARCHING FOR THEIR SONS. "WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN UP TO THIS TIME?" ASKS ONE. "MY BOY HAD BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXPLANATION" SAYS ANOTHER. TWO OF THESE FATHERS KNOWING THAT WHATEVER **THEIR** SONS HAD DONE ... IT HAD TO BE THE FAULT OF BURT. BUT NEITHER OF THEM MENTIONED THAT TO MR. CHAPMAN ...

THEY SEEMED TO COME THIS WAY...

I RECOGNISE MY TOMMY'S SHOEMARKS!

MR. CHAPMAN... POINT THE FLASHLIGHT THIS WAY...

I THINK I SEE SOMETHING!

THEY CAME TO AN ABRUPT STOP, STARING UPWARD IN LITTER HORROR AT THEIR SONS QUIETLY SWINGING TO AND FRO ...

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!

IT...IT'S AS IF... THOSE TREES WERE ALIVE... AND HUNG THEM!!

THIS FOREST MUST BE BEWITCHED!!

... TO AND FRO...
... TO AND FRO...

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE WORDS "FOREST-BEWITCHED" TO SPREAD THROUGH THE COMMUNITY AND STRIKE NAMELESS FEAR IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE. MANY MOVED FAR AWAY DURING THAT LONG, HOT SUMMER, MOST OF THEM NOT EVEN KNOWING WHAT HAD HAPPENED -- BUT THE GOSSIP WAS ENOUGH! "THE CHAPMAN GANG WERE **MURDERED** BY GHASTLY WITCHES DURING THE NIGHT!" ONE OLD WOMAN EVEN SWORE SHE HAD HEARD THE SCREAMS AND ACTUALLY **SAW** WITH HER OWN EYES THE GREAT BAT-WINGED **MONSTERS** THAT DESCENDED OVER LAKE WINNETEKA

AND ONE OLD MAN EVEN SWORE HE SAW THE TRANSLUCENT SHADOW OF THE GIN BOTTLE DESCEND OVER THE OLD WOMAN THAT VERY SAME EVENING.

BUT, NO MATTER, FOR PEOPLE AND THEIR LIVES ARE LIKE OCEANS ... SCOOP OUT A HUNK AND THEY'LL FILL IMMEDIATELY. NEW FAMILIES MOVED INTO THE TOWN, THOSE WHO DISBELEIVED THE RIPPLES THAT WHISPERED HOW THREE MURDEROUS HOOLIGANS WERE HUNG BY ENCHANTED TREES. SOME THERE WERE WHO DISBELEIVED EVERYTHING. THE TYPE WHO DIDN'T HAVE "THE SIGHT" ... LIKE ...

HEY! WHADDYA ALWAYS DOIN' OUT IN THEM **WOODS**, KID?

YA BETTER TELL ME, 'CAUSE ONE DAY I'LL FOLLOW YA AND **FIND OUT!**

THEN YOU'LL BE **SORRY!**

"HE'D BETTER LET EDDIE ALONE-- OR HE'LL BE **HANGING** AROUND FOR A LONG TIME TO COME. IT DOESN'T PAY TO MESS WITH OUR EDDIE IN THOSE WOODS -- YOU MIGHT **CROAK** ON AN OAK!"

The
END.



VAMPI'S VINDICATION

It's been brought to my attention by a few observant fans of 'VAMPI'S FLAMES' that a short story printed in issue No. 8 was not entirely an original. I wasn't aware that this particular story represented a MISDEED on the part of the sender. This was totally unfair, and a flagrant injustice to others who struggle to get an original story printed on these pages. We won't tolerate misdeeds of this sort from any of our unimaginable fans in the future. I wish to apologize on behalf of the people at Warren Publishing for this unforgivable thing aroused my temper. As of our fans know, each and every letter addressed to VAMPI'S FLAMES is carefully read and given genuine consideration. Understandably, we are deluged with loads of mail each day, which we greatly appreciate. However,, it sometimes becomes impossible to know if each story submitted is an original, or an unintentional "lift" from other sources.

We want to stress upon our readers that all stories submitted to VAMPI'S FLAMES should be authentically ORIGINAL. Remember, try to keep your stories SHORT (100 words or less) and above all ORIGINAL.

WE HONESTLY WANT MORE OF YOU FANS TO SUBMIT MORE MEMORABLE SKETCHES (PREFERABLY IN BLACK INK SUITABLE FOR REPRODUCING) AND SHORT STORIES OR POEMS (ORIGINALS PLEASE) REMEMBER, ARTISTS' LIKE FRANK FREZETTA AND WRITERS SUCH AS ARCHIE GOODWIN ONCE STARTED AS AMATEURS WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT A TRY

SEND YOUR WORKS TO:

VAMPI'S FLAMES
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



The above is a drawing sent in by Bruce Holroyd from Harrisburg, Pa. who writes: "I really appreciate you guys giving us amateur artists a chance to display our artwork publically. I'm sure you know that almost every amateur artist feels the same way I do."



Oh, Vampi, oh, Vampi, how much I love thee. To reach Draculon, I'd cross that dark sea. Just to be near you with your hand in mine.

We'd be happy together throughout all time. Dump CREEPY and EERIE; They're no good a'tall, For you are the loveliest vampire of all. With hair long and flowing, with fangs white and glowing, I hope you can feel the love that I'm showing. If ever I must part and go to the start, I pray that you drive a stake through my heart.

MIKE THOMPSON
Bennettsville, SC



The above is a sketch sent to us from Johannesburg, South Africa from a fan who says, "Vampi, you bring the beast out of me especially when it's a full moon. Signed, PETER M HSU"



"TO DIE, TO SLEEP" By Michelle Knight

Doctor Abraham Van Helsing stared in silent disbelief at the body in the coffin before him. The young man at his side was sobbing, tears racing down his face shadowed by the candle light that illuminated the crypt. Van Helsing would have offered words of comfort, but as he again looked at the face of the dead Paul Grey, his own candle all but fell from his hand. With clouded eyes, he opened his satchel and drew out, with trembling hands, a stake and heavy mallet from within. His voice dissolved to a mere whisper, "You went only to cure illness and fight ignorance. You lost, Paul. In return for your kindness, you received only evil."

The air was fresh and clear and the streets wet and muddy from an early spring rain as Paul Grey hurried along in the darkness, satchel in hand. The Village church bell tolled the hour nine as Paul's thoughts drifted back to the days events. A young girl was well now, thanks to Paul's skill as a physician. But another was dead. A fact that caused him to grieve in silence. He had been too late. Every ounce of blood had been drained from her young body. The caretaker of the cemetery knew all too well what had caused her death. As he shoveled the fresh dirt from her grave, the unearthly screech as the stake pierced her heart, still rang in Paul's brain.

He paused to draw his cloak closer about him for warmth against the chill of the night that

seemed to invade his very soul, when he heard the sobbing. He moved into a dark alley way to find a young girl barely eighteen, huddled in its darkest corner.

"Please," she cried, "I'm cold and hungry and no one will let me into their home." Paul's sympathy outweighed his caution. Taking her arm, he said, "Come with me. Don't be frightened, I'm a doctor and will not harm you." Smiling sweetly, she embraced him, but with more strength than Paul could ever believe existed in such a frail girl. He realized all too late the meaning of her strength as a scorching pain tore at his throat and he sank to the ground with a cry. Darkness ended the vision of his death. Death at the hands of the creature he sought to destroy.

Epilogue:

Van Helsing placed the stake at its mark and brought the mallet down with his full strength. The thing in the coffin writhed and gave a horrible echoing cry as its blood welled and spurted up from its pierced heart. At last it lay silent. Then, young Jeremiah Grey wept, unashamed, against the damp stone walls of the crypt. Van Helsing resealed the coffin fighting his own grief and gently led Jeremiah out into the fresh, clean air of the coming dawn. As Van Helsing's eyes lit on the plaque above the door of the crypt bearing the inscription "Paul Grey Born—February 18, 1835 Died—60 Aged—25 years 7 months, he remembered the soft peaceful smile on Paul's face. Now rid of the curse of undeath, he whispered, "Nothing that was worth in

the past departs. No truth or goodness ever realized by man dies, or can die, but is still here. Whether it be recognized or not, it lives and works throughout endless changes."

THE TRAP by Charles Collins

The funeral had just finished. The mourners were leaving for awaiting carriages. But not all of the mourners had left. One still stood beside the grave. A woman, clad completely in black. A black satin veil covered her face which was now wet with tears. She stared blankly into the open grave of her husband.

"Would you mind standing back?" asked one of the grave diggers. She wept as she stepped back and watched the two men as they piled dirt on top of the coffin. She still stood and stared long after the grave diggers had gone. She stood until the sun began to set. Then she walked over to an awaiting carriage. In another part of the cemetery, long after the sun had set, a mangled body pulled itself from the grave of a famous poet. The creature's flesh hung from old bones. Straggly hair hung from a skeleton head. An eye hung from one socket held only by a sliver of the rotting flesh.

The beast walked the grave yard, froth seeping from between the ugly uneven fangs. It walked, looking for a fresh grave. Eventually, it found what it was seeking. The grave in which the mourning widow had just left. The beast clawed away at the earth until it struck the wood of the coffin. The creature struggled to pull the lid open and after agonizing moments of straining, the lid suddenly came open and the beast looked down to see the body of the man staring at him. The creature drew back in surprise as the body in the coffin began to rise. Rising to its feet, the creature staggered back a few steps watching the body pull itself up and out of the coffin. Suddenly there was a thunderous roar from hundreds of screaming voices. The creature turned to find he was surrounded by the people from the local village. Suddenly he felt the sharp pain of wooden stakes piercing his body and with the final plunge of a silver stake through his chest, the skeleton of the creature's body fell to the ground, destroyed. The trap was successful.



RONALD A STRINGER of Louisville Kentucky rendered this eye catching pose of his favorite vampire.



PETER IASILLO of Port Chester, N.Y. certainly knows what he likes his vampires to look like. Groovy, huh?



CARLOS MARIA FEDERICI of Montevideo Uruguay sent us a sample of his art work which unfortunately we could use only two panels of a full page story.

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THE MUMMY'S TOMB

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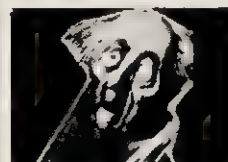
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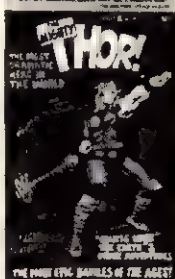
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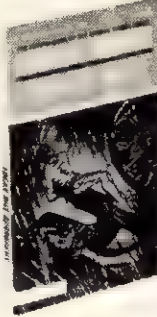
Tarzan rejects civilization and goes back to his savage homeland to rescue the beautiful American girl, Jane Porter.

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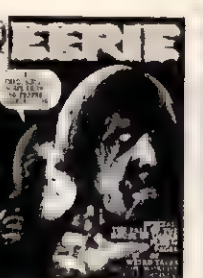
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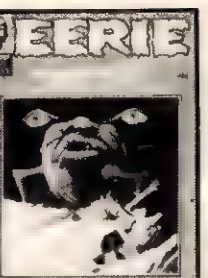
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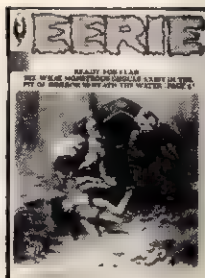
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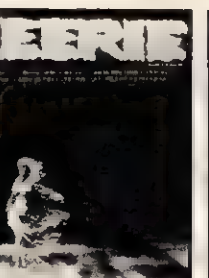
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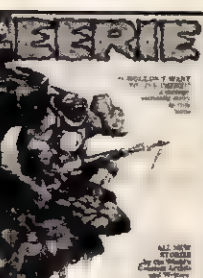
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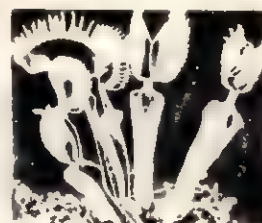
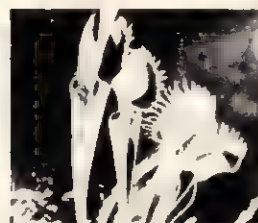
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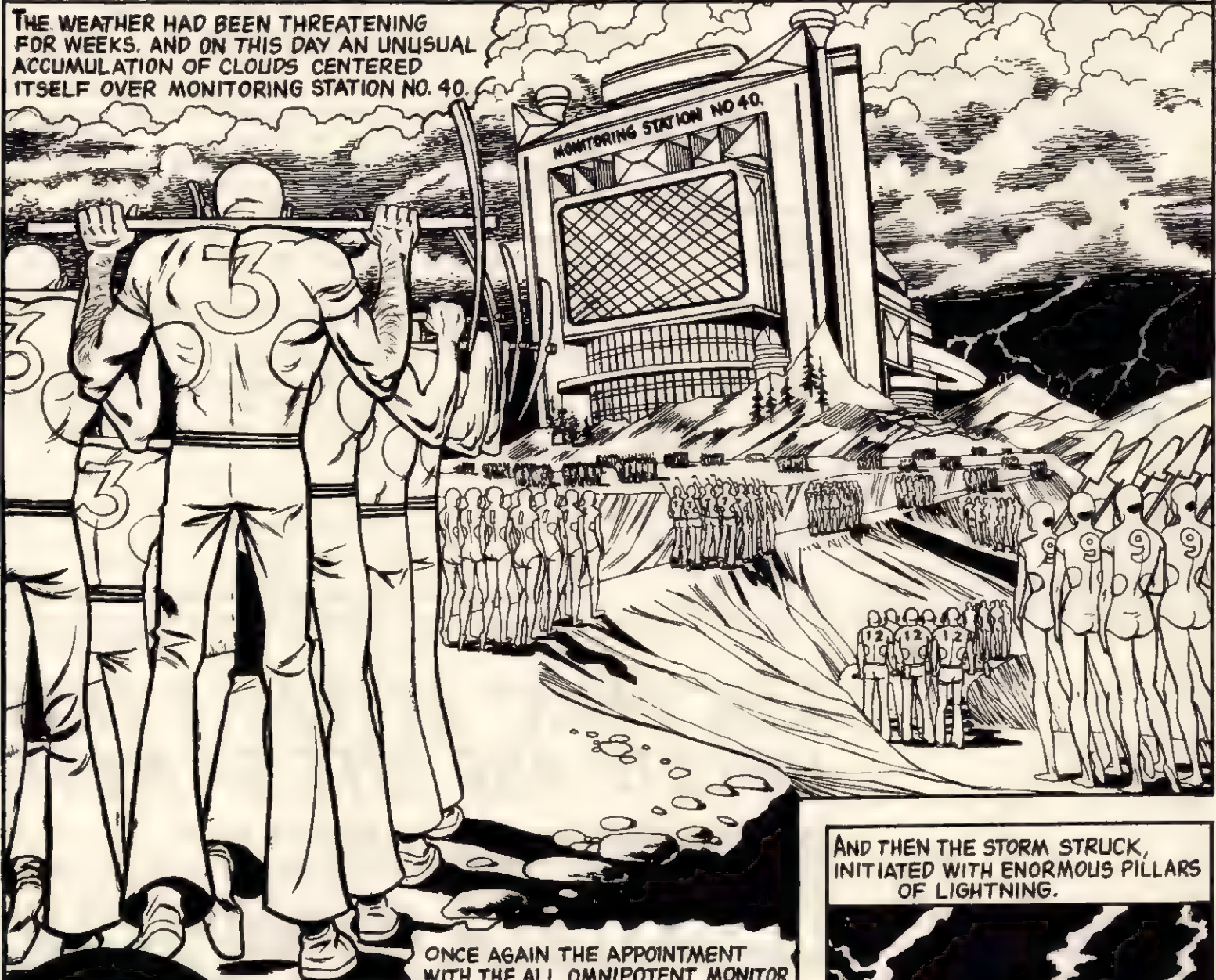
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IT HAD COME TO PASS THAT, SUCH AS HAD BEEN DIVIDED BY SCHOLARS, SOOTHSAYERS AND FOOLS, THAT THE HUMAN RACE IF LEFT UNGUARDED WOULD DRIFT INTO DISJUNCTIVE ANARCHISM, AND WOULD DESTROY ITSELF. SO IT WAS DECIDED BY THOSE IN POWER TO PROTECT THE RACE AGAINST ITSELF. THE MORNING OF JANUARY 1, 1985 HAD BEEN NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER THAT HAD PASSED BEFORE SINCE THE NEW HISTORY HAD BECOME LAW. LEAVING THEIR DESIGNATED SLEEP STATIONS THE MASSES PERFORMED THEIR CUSTOMARY MARCH TO THE MONITORING STATIONS TO RECIEVE...

THE WORK ORDERS ^{FOR} THE DAY!

THE WEATHER HAD BEEN THREATENING FOR WEEKS. AND ON THIS DAY AN UNUSUAL ACCUMULATION OF CLOUDS CENTERED ITSELF OVER MONITORING STATION NO. 40.

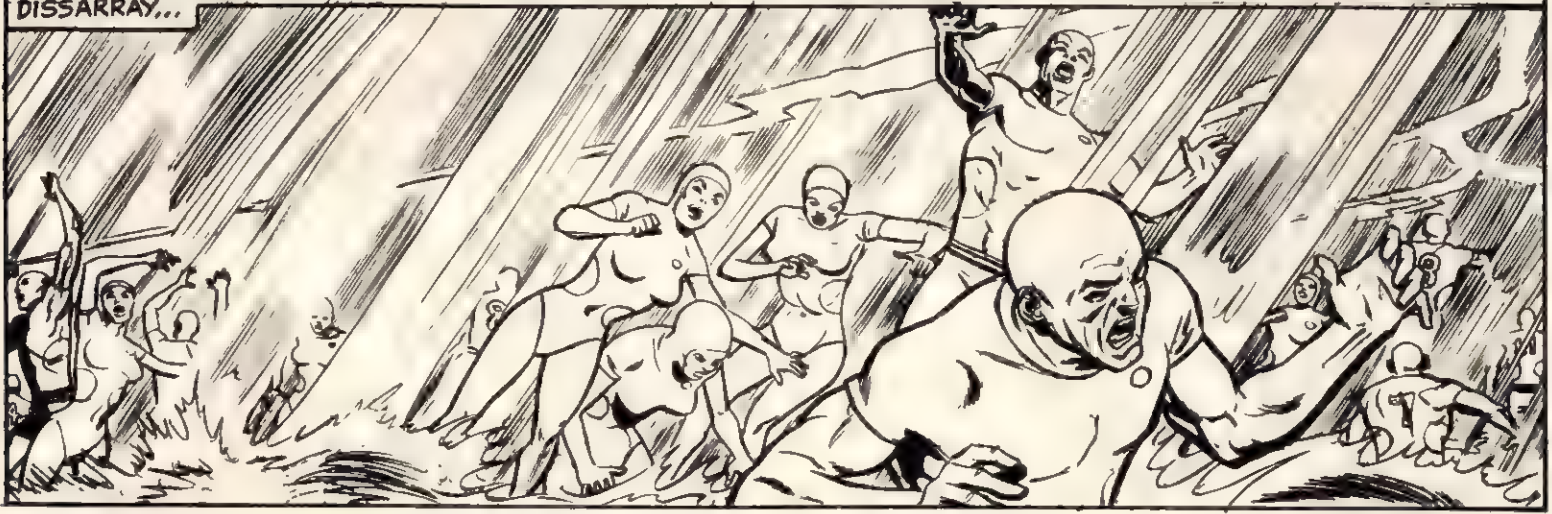


ONCE AGAIN THE APPOINTMENT WITH THE ALL OMNIPOTENT MONITOR IS MET BY THE THRONGS. AND AS THEY AWAIT THEIR INSTRUCTIONS FOR WORK...THE PRECIPITATION COMMENCES...

AND THEN THE STORM STRUCK, INITIATED WITH ENORMOUS PILLARS OF LIGHTNING.

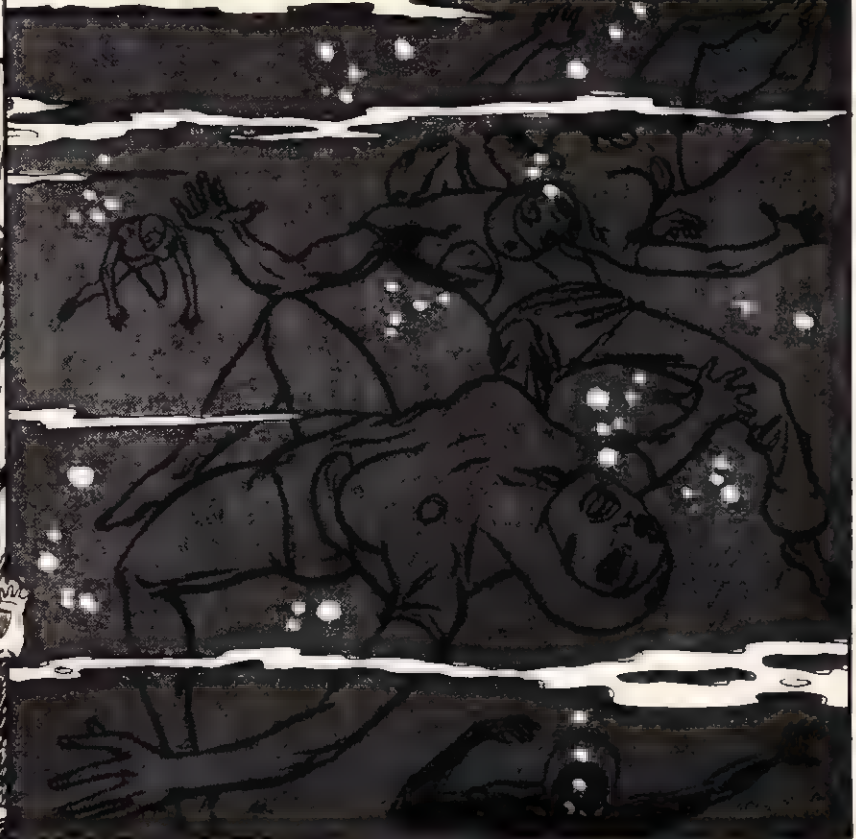


TORRENTS OF RAIN ACCOMPANIED BY GREAT GUSTS OF WIND RIPPED THROUGH THE AREA... SCATTERING THE PEOPLE INTO DISSARRAY...



THE DELUGE QUICKLY LOOSENEED LARGE TRACTS OF LAND, SO THAT IN MANY AREAS WHERE THE PEOPLE STOOD THE EARTH FELL AWAY FROM THEM, AND THEY WERE THUS THROWN INTO DEEP CREVASSES...

MANY MORE WERE DROWNED IN THE ACCUMULATING INUNDATION WHICH FILLED THE FISSURES...



OTHERS HUDDLED TOGETHER AND GROPED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE BLINDING ONSLAUGHT IN AN EFFORT TO FIND REFUGE...



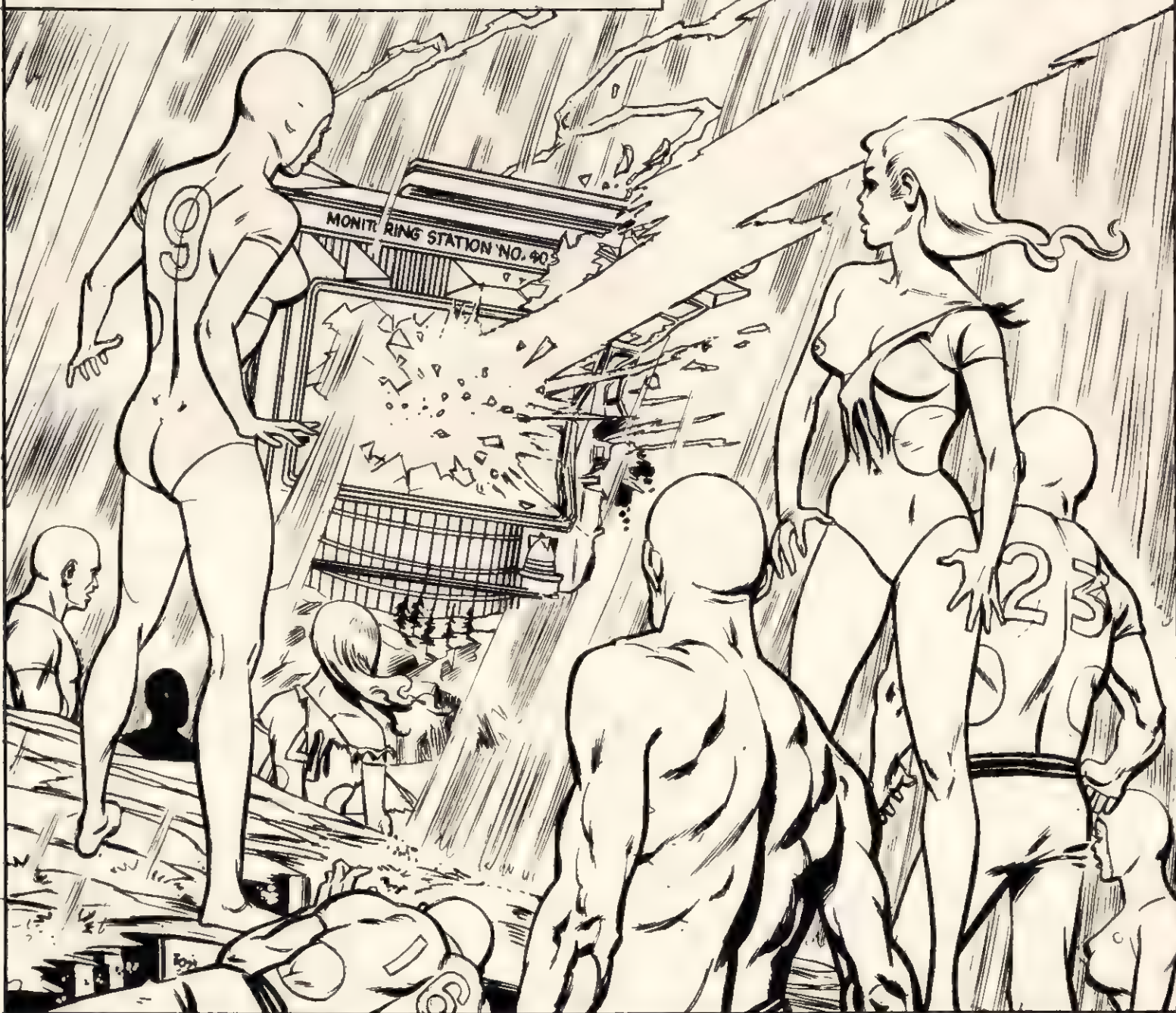
MOST INSTINCTIVELY REACHED FOR HIGHER GROUND...



SOME FOUND SHELTER IN CAVES...



FROM ALL THE SURROUNDING HIGH POINTS WHICH OVERLOOKED MONITORING STATION NO. 40, THOSE WHO WITNESSED IT THEN SAW A SHAFT OF LIGHTNING WHICH APPEARED TO BE TWO ACRES WIDE STRIKE THE COMPLEX. AND THUS, THOUGH THE CITADEL WAS EQUIPPED WITH MANY DEVICES TO PROTECT ITSELF AGAINST SUCH A METEOROLOGICAL ASSAULT, THE AREA SHOOK WITH REVERBERATIONS...



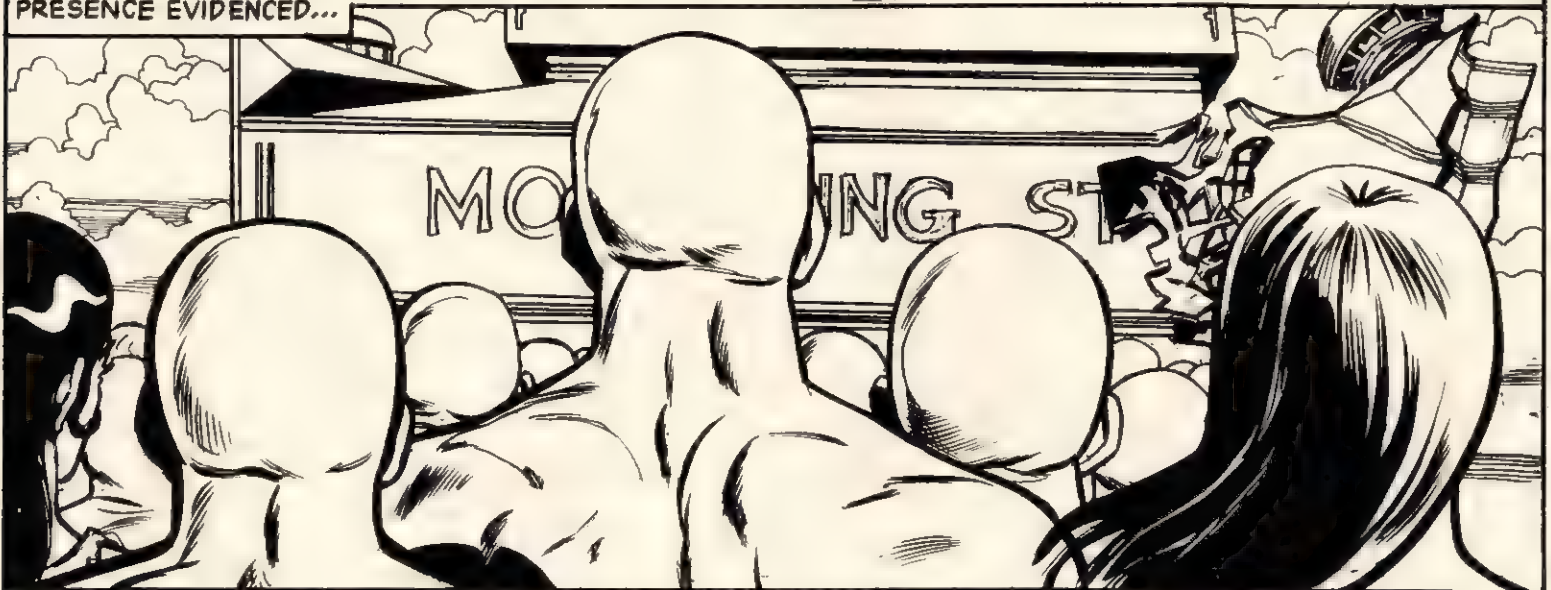
THE CATACLYSM LASTED FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS... ON THE MORNING OF THE FOURTH DAY ALL THAT SURVIVED LEFT THEIR SHELTERS TO OBSERVE THE DEVASTATED TERRAIN. IT WAS UNLIKE ANY STORM REMEMBERED IN HISTORY, OR IN THE NEW LAW SYSTEM HISTORY.



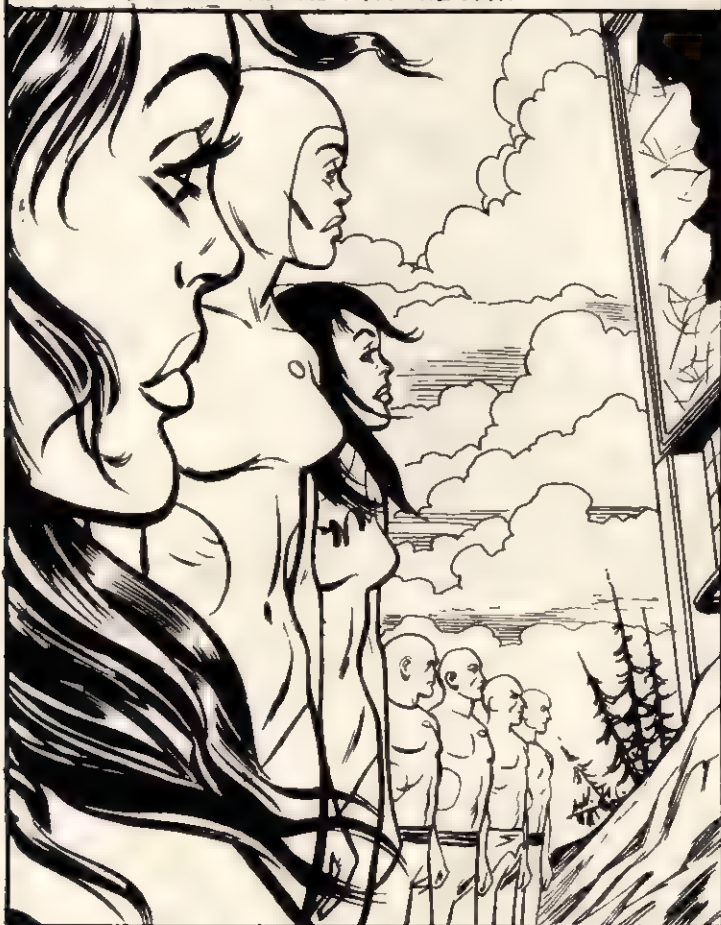
THEY THEN STARTED PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DEVASTATED LAND TO ACHIEVE THEIR POSITIONS IN FRONT OF MONITORING STATION NO. 40.



WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THEIR DESIGNATED STATIONS, ALL WERE WITNESS TO THE ALTERED CONDITION THE MONITOR'S PRESENCE EVIDENCED...



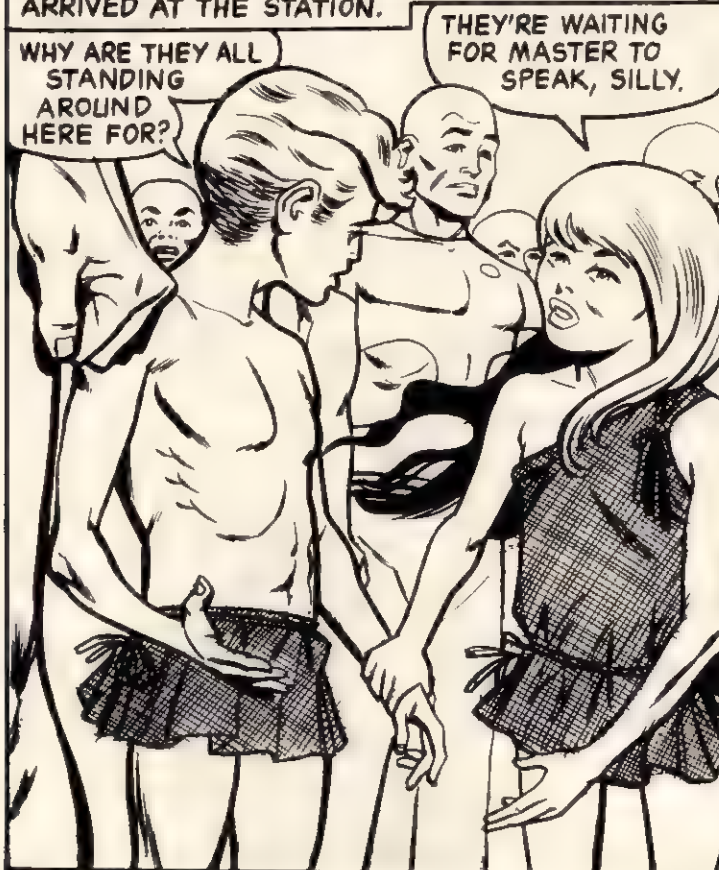
AND THUS THE THOROUGHLY ORDERED HUMAN RACE WHO WERE PURIFIED OF ALL ORIGINAL THOUGHT SO THEY COULD SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE, WERE NOW STYMIED IN THAT ENDEAVOR FOR THE MONITOR WHICH WAS THE SUPERQUINTESSANCE OF THAT PURPOSE... DID NOT ISSUE ITS WORK ORDERS FOR THE DAY.



NIGHT MOVED INTO DAY. THE MONITOR REMAINED SILENT, GIVING NO WORDS TO ANIMATE THE POPULOUS TOWARD GOALS. BY THE THIRD DAY THE WEAKER ONES HAD FAINTED. STILL NO ONE LEFT THEIR STATIONS... IT WAS THEN THAT TWO OF THE PREINCULCATED YOUTHS SET FREE FROM THEIR KENNELS BY THE STORM ARRIVED AT THE STATION.

WHY ARE THEY ALL
STANDING
AROUND
HERE FOR?

THEY'RE WAITING
FOR MASTER TO
SPEAK, SILLY.



THE HOURS DRAGGED BY AND EVENING DESCENDED. BUT NO ONE CHOSE TO LEAVE FROM HIS DESIGNATED POSITION. THEY REMAINED READY TO RECIEVE THEIR WORK ORDERS SHOULD THE MONITOR SPEAK.

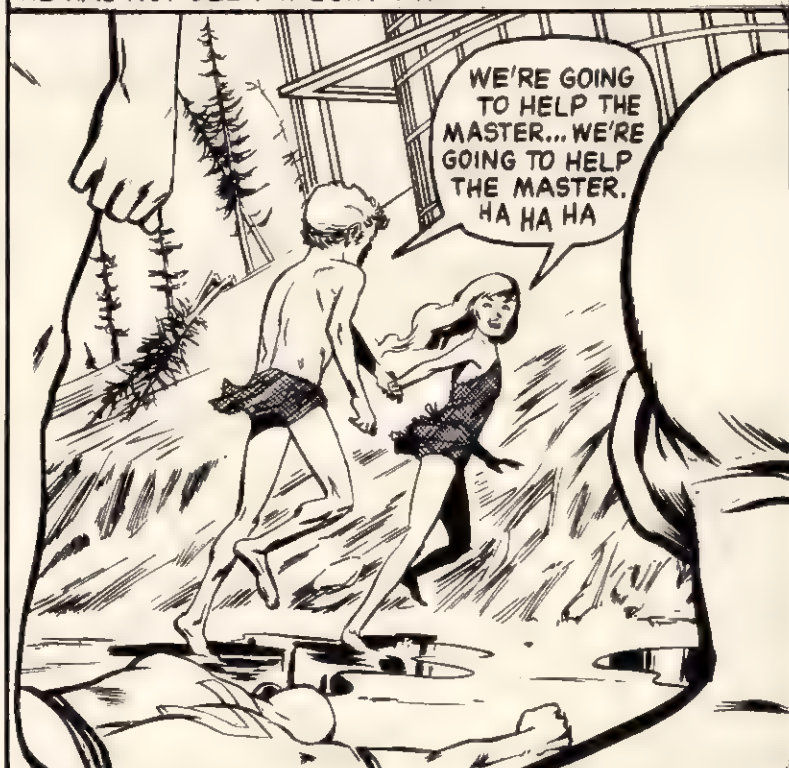


LOOK, MASTER HASN'T SPOKEN
IN DAYS... I'D LIKE TO
DISCOVER WHAT THE TROUBLE
IS. WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME
ALONG?

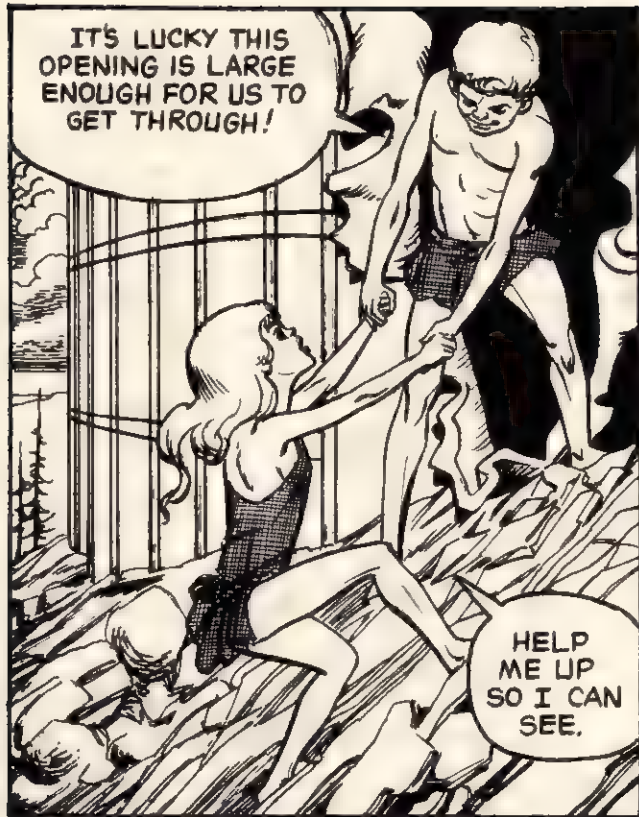
... I DON'T KNOW... NO
ONE EVER APPROACHED
MASTER BEFORE... STILL
WE COULD FIND OUT
WHAT'S WRONG.



HOW CAN ANY CHILD FEEL GUILTY FOR HIS ACTIONS WHEN
HE HAS NOT BEEN TAUGHT WHAT THE TABOO IS?



WE'RE GOING
TO HELP THE
MASTER... WE'RE
GOING TO HELP
THE MASTER.
HA HA HA

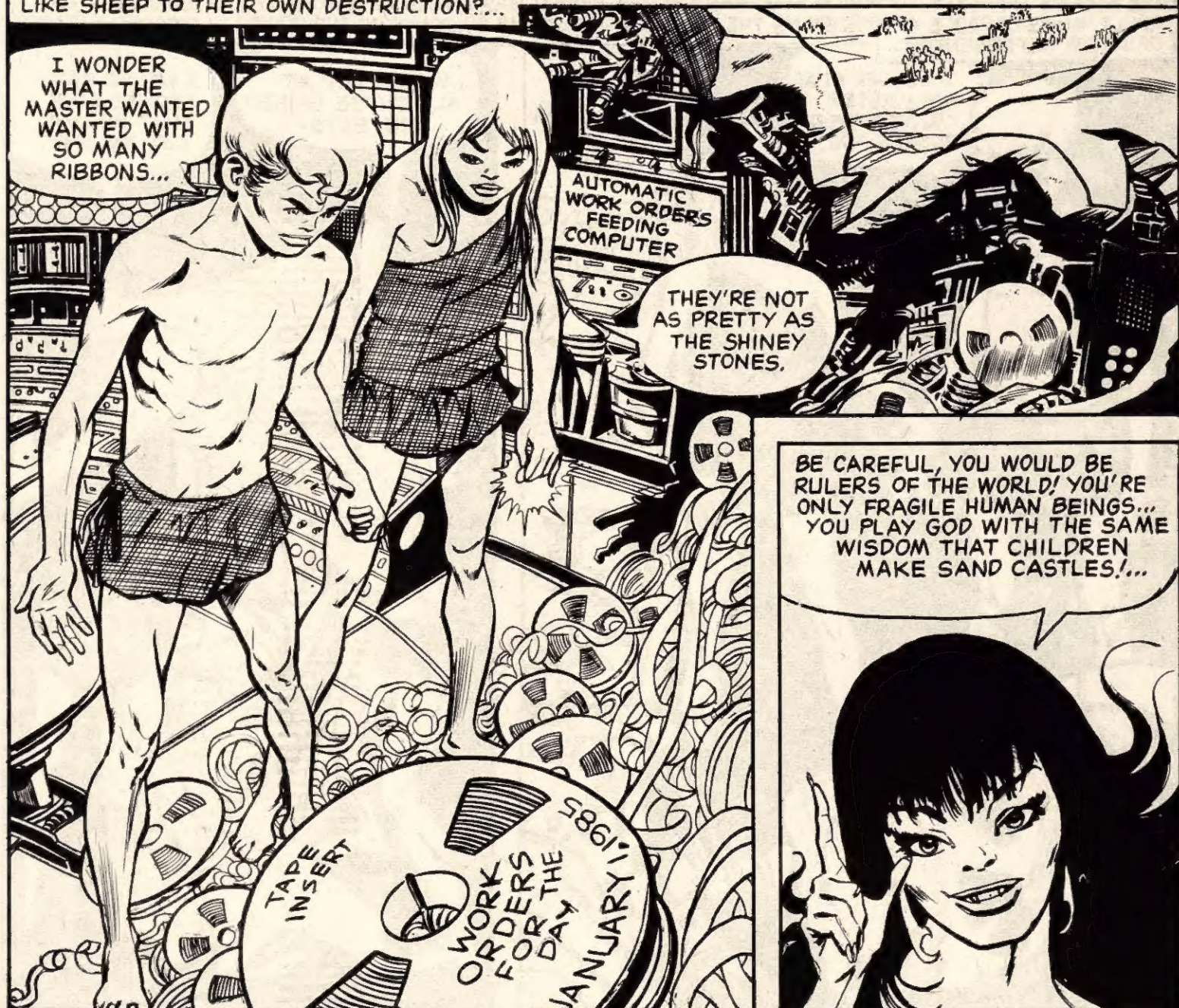


THE ABSURD TRAVESTY TO WHICH MAN HAD FALLEN WOULD HAVE BEEN ASCERTAINED BY THE SIMPLEST OF ADULT MINDS CAPABLE OF PERCEIVING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EVIDENCE OF THE BODIES IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF DECAY REPRESENTED...





DID WE DEVELOPE FROM THE APES? WERE WE SEEDDED TO COLONIZE AND BE HARVESTED? WERE WE PUT HERE BY THOSE WHO CONSIDERED OUR NATURE DANGEROUS? WHAT IS IN OUR NATURE THAT PREVENTS US FROM UNDERSTANDING THE HUMAN EQUATION? HOW CAN SOME OF US BE LEADERS WHILE THE REST CAN BE LED LIKE SHEEP TO THEIR OWN DESTRUCTION?...



BE CAREFUL, YOU WOULD BE RULERS OF THE WORLD! YOU'RE ONLY FRAGILE HUMAN BEINGS... YOU PLAY GOD WITH THE SAME WISDOM THAT CHILDREN MAKE SAND CASTLES!...



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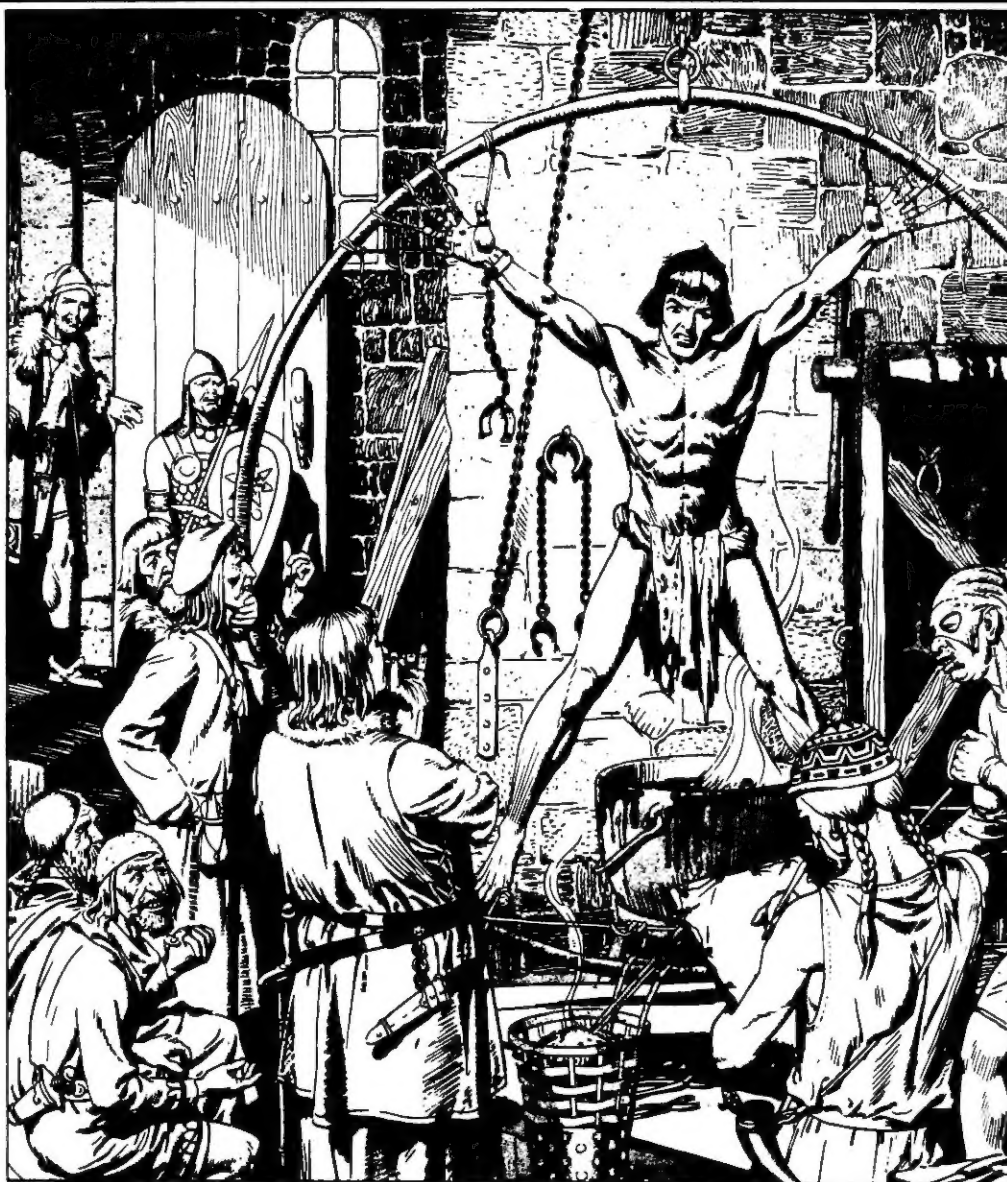
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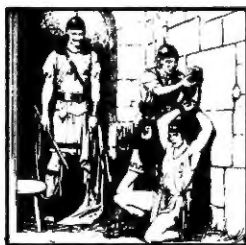
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